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The Second Step Which Counts

THE Korean truce is an achievement of which this country—as well as India, its chief architect—can feel legitimately proud. Its foundations were laid by Mr. Nehru, who maintained his role as mediator despite a great deal of vilification, and by Mr. Attlee, whose abrupt visit to Washington in the winter of 1950 jerked the Americans into their first realisation that they could adopt MacArthur's policies only at the cost of "going it alone." In the most recent stages of the negotiations, Sir Winston Churchill, too, played a notable part, by his speech of May 11 and by his insistence that the truce must not be jeopardised for the sake of placating the South Koreans. It can be said without exaggeration that, without the strongest pressure from the Commonwealth, no American President could have defied the China Lobby and Syngman Rhee in the interests of peace.

So far so good: Britain has seized the diplomatic initiative. But just how will that initiative be used? Sir Winston is entering on two parallel sets of negotiations. On the one hand he must now prepare for the Political Conference which is due to take place within 90 days of the signing of a Korean armistice; on the other, he must go to Bermuda and persuade Mr. Eisenhower to participate in high-level talks with the Russians. The specific object of the Political Conference will be to reach agreement on a Korean Peace Treaty, whereas the high-level talks, if the Prime Minister has his way, will be an informal discussion between Heads of States, without any fixed agenda.

Though the two conferences will therefore differ both in their subject matter and in their procedure, it is obvious that they will overlap and influence each other. Sir Winston, we believe, holds the view that Britain's aim should be, not to achieve concrete results, but to thaw out the Cold War by restoring normal diplomatic intercourse between East and West; with tension relaxed, a slowing up of the armament race would be possible. This is a laudable objective, but in our view it is far too modest. If the Korean truce is not followed by a Pacific peace settlement, the probability is that war will flare up again either in Korea or somewhere else on the Asian mainland. The lamentable relations between Israel and her neighbours provide a warning of what happens when temporary armistice terms are permitted to ossify into an unacceptable *status quo*. To assume that we must accept as inevitable American policies which at present rule out a Korean Peace Treaty would be both short-sighted and defeatist and would mean that within a few months Britain had lost the initiative she now holds.

After his first success, therefore, the Premier must push forward with even greater vigour. The first objective of British policy should surely be to raise the embargo on trade with China which was imposed with ever-increasing severity as the Korean War went on, until now thousands of items are on the forbidden list. This embargo should be lifted by formally annulling the U.N. resolution branding China an aggressor, which provides its legal sanction. But we should go further. Whatever the authors of the Battle Act may say, the British Government should take positive steps generally to restore East-West trade by starting bilateral trade negotiations with both Peking and Moscow.

A resumption of normal trade across the Iron Curtain would be the best way of creating a favourable atmosphere for the Political Conference on Korea. When this conference starts, Britain should at once demand that the peace treaty include an agreement by all the signatories to support the admission of Communist China to the Security Council. The fact is that no local Korean settlement will be workable or lasting except as part of a general settlement which creates the framework for American-Chinese co-existence in the Pacific, and also includes a recognition of the need for a negotiated peace in Indo-China.

Since it will obviously be difficult for anyone in the White House even to consider such proposals, these are matters which the Prime Minister will have to raise as soon as he arrives in Bermuda. The only chance of preventing the U.S. from stonewalling at the Political Conference is to submit Mr. Eisenhower to the strongest pressure as soon as possible. Indeed the

President will not be able to extricate himself from the MacCarthyite commitments which he assumed during his election campaign unless it is made clear that this is the price to be paid for British collaboration.

Whatever success the Premier has at Bermuda, he will be well advised to follow these Western conversations by similar informal discussions between himself and M. Malenkov. Anglo-Russian talks would rebut the charge that the West is ganging-up against the U.S.S.R. and would establish once and for all Britain's role as a mediator. In the course of these talks it should also be possible to remove the Russian misunderstandings about Germany and Austria which were revealed in the second *Pravda* article. The Russians, not unexpectedly, refuse to perform an act of public penitence by signing the Austrian Peace Treaty as the Americans enjoined. But this week they have suddenly freed zonal traffic in Austria from irksome restrictions and thereby given a diplomatic signal as unmistakable as their appointment of a civilian High Commissioner in the Eastern Zone of Germany. There is thus some reason to believe that Anglo-Russian conversations might open the way for a resumed Four-Power Conference on Germany and Austria.

It may be objected that this is a far too ambitious programme of action, and that Sir Winston would be better advised to be content with his success in achieving a Korean armistice. We cannot agree. The opportunity presented now for far-reaching agreements in the Pacific and in Europe may never return. If the chance is lost, the Cold War could freeze up again as quickly as it thawed.

Confusion in South Korea

President Syngman Rhee seems still determined to exploit his nuisance value. He is talking of resisting by force the arrival of the neutral supervisory commission and the Indian troops, of releasing unilaterally the North Korean prisoners in South Korean custody, and even of ordering his army to advance alone to the Yalu River in order to secure the unification of Korea. Clearly Rhee has it in his power, if not to sabotage the armistice, at least to cause great confusion; but it seems doubtful whether he will in practice make good his threats. The South Korean army is largely intermingled with U.N. divisions and has no air or tank support of its own; and it is questionable whether its commanders would obey orders from Seoul to embark on such a suicidal adventure. As for other forms of threatened resistance, Syngman Rhee must be aware of the dramatic collapse in Washington of the China Lobby. Even Senator Knowland, sensing obviously the American voters' unanimous desire to "get the boys home," has now stated roundly that South Korean obstruction of the truce would forfeit American support and sympathy.

The attitude, however, of the ruling clique in South Korea makes it certain that it may be a long time yet before "the boys" on either side do get home. The Chinese certainly cannot leave the reduced North Korean army exposed to the risk of attack by the fourteen South Korean divisions which the Americans have trained and armed; and, this being so, there can presumably be no question at present of a U.N. withdrawal. The problem of securing the unity of Korea is just as intractable as it was before this costly and inconclusive war began; the situation has changed, in comparison with May, 1950, only in that Communist and American forces are now back where they were at the end of the World War which resulted in acceptance by the Powers of division along the 38th Parallel. It will be tough going at the Political Conference, and the chances of agreement have not been improved by the suspicions aroused, naturally enough, in Peking by the pledges of continued military assistance which Syngman Rhee appears to have secured from Washington.

Washington Loses Italy

Neither hierarchical threats of hell-fire nor warnings by the U.S. Embassy of "grave consequences" deterred the Italian electorate this week from voting heavily against a regime which has meant clerical reaction, tax-evasion by the rich, the obstruction of land reform and continuous mass unemployment. The egregious electoral trick for securing a solid majority of seats in the Chamber has not worked: with a fractional lead in the Senate, the Coalition failed, as the count stands, to secure 50 per cent. of the votes for the Lower House; and the Premier's parties would probably have done worse but for the fear among many middle-class voters that De Gasperi's defeat would produce "a French situation." As it is, not merely has the Christo-democrat poll, at 10.8 millions, fallen by two millions in comparison with 1948, but the "lay" parties of the Coalition—Liberals, Republicans and Right-wing Social-Democrats—excluded from electoral "benefit of clergy," have been nearly extinguished: in a Chamber of 589, they will have only 38 seats between them, against 264 Christodemocrats. With a combined vote of 3.4 millions, the Monarchists and Fascists have scored big gains over 1948; but in many areas they have done less well than the intervening local elections suggested they might do. On the other hand, the Left vote has risen impressively from 8.1 to 9.5 millions (about two-thirds C.P., one-third Socialist). Unless enough of the large number of spoiled voting papers can be validated in the Coalition's favour to make the Electoral Law work after all—surely too gross a defiance of the trend of the voting—it looks as if De Gasperi can govern only with Monarchist-Fascist support—at the risk of losing his "lay" junior partners. The new Chamber will certainly contain no "reliable" majority on which the U.S. can count.

U.S. Business Reactions

The "outbreak of peace" in Korea has been accompanied, as was to be expected, by substantial falls in Wall Street security prices and by renewed declines in the world price of "sensitive" metals. Would a real settlement in the Pacific lead to economic recession in the U.S.? Expert opinion differs sharply. Some economists point to the terrific expansion in American manufacturing capacity, and question whether the upward trend of disposable personal income in recent years in sufficient to absorb output if there were any slackening in the tempo of rearmament. Indeed, it is held in some quarters that the tightening of credit and the raising of interest rates during the past six months, in which the yield on Government bonds has risen from 2¼ to over 3 per cent., is wholly misdirected in present circumstances. Against this, stocks of manufactured goods, though high, are not unwieldy; and, though the volume of instalment and other consumer credit is at a vulnerable level which might make for trouble in the event of a down-turn of employment, there are no definite signs yet of a break. Whether a moderate recession next winter can be avoided is another matter.

The New Steel-masters

No one can any longer pretend that the opposition to the appointment of three members of the T.U.C. General Council to the Iron and Steel Board is limited to a few politically minded Bevanites. Two days after the announcement, Mr. Beard of the Patternmakers was forced to resign after an emergency meeting of his union executive summoned on the initiative of Mr. Ellis Smith, M.P. And now, the other part-timer, Mr. Owen, General Secretary of the Blastfurnacemen, has resigned in view of his union's "own domestic policy." Formal protests have also been made by the Scottish and South Wales miners; and Mr. Ben Gardiner, the General Secretary of the A.E.U., has defined the attitude of his union in an important article in the union's journal. "We feel that the T.U.C. line will land our movement in grave difficulties," he writes. "It is rather an exalted sense of public duty that justifies the T.U.C. General Council in encouraging two or three of its ablest members to place their experience and influence at the disposal of a Government which is setting out to make a bad law workable." "That," he concludes, "is surely carrying a sense of responsibility to an extreme of magnanimity."

The Man-Power Pattern

The *Manchester Guardian*, in an interesting review of the changes in employment over the past two years, draws attention to the extent man-power has shifted back from the heavy to the consumer industries. The chief exception to this reversal of the previous trend is the aircraft industry, which continues to absorb additional man-power, as do the small-arms and ordnance and explosives factories. The steel and coal industries both show a net expansion of employment over the past two years; but engineering and vehicle building (except aircraft) are shrinking, whereas the food trades show a considerable expansion. So do the woollen and worsted industries, which have been expanding continuously, though at a falling rate. Cotton, on the other hand, though now reviving, employs 54,000 fewer workers than two years ago; and there have been smaller falls in hosiery and in the tailoring trades. Building has expanded slightly, with more workers on housing and fewer in other branches of construction. The civil service and local government have both made large reductions in their labour force—76,000 in all. Agriculture continues to lose workers. In general, the swing-back towards the pre-Korean war pattern of employment is evident. The figures also indicate the strength of the resistance to a large-scale redistribution of the labour force, and the decline of planning.

PARIS

Delayed-action Victory

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The impression made in the country by Mendès-France's two great speeches before the Assembly was so profound that scarcely anybody, except the Communists, dared vote against him. He just missed getting the 314 votes required by the Constitution—voting being 301 for, 119 against, with some 200 abstentions by those who were scared of his "solutions." Yet Mendès-France, unlike all his predecessors, had a programme that meant something, a programme which, if adopted, had a good chance of putting France on her feet again. Full employment at home; rationalisation and development of France's industrial resources and exports; more housing; better development of overseas territories; friendship and alliance with the United States, but greater independence; closer co-ordination of France's foreign policy with Britain; full support of the Churchill proposal for a Big-Four Conference; the rapid elaboration of a plan on Indo-China to be submitted to the Bermuda Conference; postponement of any decision on the E.D.C. until the Autumn. There was an overwhelming feeling among all who listened to Mendès-France's firm, logical speech that here at last was a serious attempt to check France's course down the slippery slope.

Why then was he refused his "investiture"? It was a battle of the old against the young; of routine against imaginative enterprise; of easy-going dependence on American aid against a more austere and independent French policy; of Clochemerle against the modern industrial State, and of the "colonialists" against the supporters of a more progressive overseas policy. Also, the Right were panic-stricken at the thought of a Left-Centre majority suddenly emerging.

The Socialists voted solidly for Mendès-France; the Communists voted against (not that they disapproved of his "Churchillian" line, but, if anything, to save him from being called a friend of the C.P.); and the rest of the House was divided. Most of the Right and the Gaullists abstained with varying degrees of hostility; the Radicals voted mostly for him, but with a good many mental reservations; and the most sharply divided party was the M.R.P., 52 members out of 89 voting for, the others, led by M. Letourneau (of Indo-China fame) voting against. A particularly shabby demonstration was that of M. Pleven, who was practically the only one of his group, the U.D.S.R., not to vote for Mendès-France. It was indeed odd to see practically all the ex-Premiers—Pleven, Schuman, Bidault, Pinay, etc.—take a hostile attitude.

It is true that Mendès-France's criticisms of their past government had been pretty devastating. It also looks as if M. Herriot, himself 81 and confined to bed, and who likes old men, had not been favourable to Mendès-France when various of his colleagues came to his bedside to consult him. And all sorts of little smear manœuvres went on, which Mendès-France did not hesitate to denounce—even if it meant losing a handful of precious votes. His defeat, indeed, is a delayed-action victory. French opinion has been shaken up; everybody today realises that there is an alternative to the policy of *immobilisme* and of muddling along. Now, as *Combat* put it, "we are back in the bog again"; but no one believes it will be for long. The vote of 301 in favour of Mendès-France already shows how far public feeling has swung in France in favour of a new policy, and against the chronic lack of policy. It seems improbable, all the same, that a General Election can be avoided for much longer: a more manageable Chamber is becoming increasingly necessary. What is considered perhaps most serious of all is that, at Bermuda, France will again be represented by one of the "old fogeys." But even he, it is felt, will have to bear in mind the feelings of the country, as revealed during the two most exciting days of the present Parliament.

NORTHERN RHODESIA

Two Campaigns

Our Special Correspondent cables from Lusaka: Leaders of the Northern Rhodesian African Congress have opened a campaign to raise money to fight Federation in the Colonial Courts, the Privy Council, and possibly the Hague Court. They have taken the opinion of a distinguished London counsel, who advises that they have a strong case. At a meeting held at Monze on May 31, attended by thirty chiefs and several thousand people, resolutions were passed by acclamation that the fight against Federation should continue. Harry Nkumbula and other Congress leaders were presented with £100 in cash and 107 head of oxen, or the equivalent of about £900, as a contribution towards costs.

There is no doubt that fear of Federation is deep and widespread in Northern Rhodesia, and all reports agree that it is even more so in Nyasaland, where the chiefs are now said to consider the formerly popular Administration as having betrayed Nyasaland to White settlers. Here in Lusaka, the heads of the Methodist Church state that an untruthful newspaper report alleging that the Methodists were in favour of Federation has meant that the Church has had to abandon its Evangelical campaign this season.

Meanwhile a different kind of campaign has opened on the copperbelt. While African mine-workers' leaders have notably failed to lead any action against Federation, although they were pledged to such action, Dixon Konkola at Broken-hill has initiated a "Break the Colour Bar" movement, which is now spreading North to Kitwe and Mufulira. Secretary of the African Railway Workers' Union, Konkola was lately successful in skilful negotiations to amalgamate his union with the Southern Rhodesian African Railway Workers, whose Secretary is Joshua Nkomo. Their co-operation is likely to have important results in the industrial field.

Konkola's move at Brokenhill has confirmed both his support of Congress leaders and his ability to devise new and effective means of action. For instance, crowds of Africans recently besieged the "Europeans only" door at Brokenhill Post Office, and finally induced the local authority to execute a dormant Government order, valid for one year only, to remove racial partitions in this Post Office. This form of passive resistance to colour prejudice in a country where no legal colour-bar exists seems likely to have snowball consequences; it has already caught on at Kitwe, where Africans have entered hotels and restaurants hitherto totally barred to them by customary prejudice, though not by law.

These two campaigns together have done a good deal to awaken Europeans here to the dynamic trends of African political development in these territories. Government sources are now talking privately in terms of increasing the number of African seats on the Legislative Council, but it is far from sure that the local European Elected Members—now cock-a-hoop with Federation—will permit this advance. Liberal Europeans here say that only the greatest vigilance of the British public and House of Commons can prevent Federation from reproducing in Northern Rhodesia the legalised racial bars and barriers of Southern Rhodesia and the many evil consequences which flow therefrom.

The Importance of Mr. Muggs

THE Postmaster-General's imminent announcement of the technical framework within which the Government envisages commercialised TV coincides with public distaste at the strange case of Mr. J. Fred Muggs, the American monkey featured on New York TV screens in too close proximity to the newly-crowned Queen. This episode is the first big popular setback suffered by the Commercial lobby at Westminster.

It would be as absurd to waste time considering the details of a single breach of taste as to pretend that episodes of exactly this kind must be inseparable from commercialised broadcasting. Judging from advertisements, newsreels and the Press, indeed, one would expect British commercial interests to observe the same unctuous righteousness about royalty on TV as they apparently find profitable elsewhere. But the importance of Mr. Muggs is that he has focussed public attention on an issue which was in danger of being conceded to the Commercial lobby, largely through apathy and indifference. This, then, is the moment for reconsideration of the prospect of commercialised TV.

First, let there be no doubt about the nature of the campaign for commercialisation. It is being run, in and out of Parliament, by a small pressure group, many of whose members are connected either with the big advertising agencies or with the manufacturers of TV equipment. Two of its most effective advocates in the Commons, for instance, are Mr. John Rodgers and Mr. Ian Orr-Ewing, directors of J. Walter Thompson and A. C. Cossor respectively. In the hands of such influential interests (and with such a rich field of commercial enterprise at stake), no permissible means of pressure is being neglected. Largely unawares, Parliament has been subjected to unusually intensive propaganda, and the Government has so far yielded, not to the convictions of the majority of its supporters, but to a clever tactical campaign, designed to exploit its doctrinal commitment to private enterprise.

Moreover, the case put forward by the Commercial lobby has some validity. The stimulus of competition will be good for the B.B.C., they argue; outside challengers to the monopoly of Alexandra Palace and Lime Grove will provide more variety for the viewer, more openings for the artist. The B.B.C., they sigh, will never be able to afford to give the country an adequate choice of programmes: by spreading the cost, the commercialisers will. There is a crumb of truth in all this. The B.B.C. is far from perfect; in sound radio the challenge of Radio Luxemburg in the past had a powerfully stimulating effect on it. A similar challenge now might possibly be a salutary stimulant to TV.

But the public acceptance of these arguments at the value the commercialisers place on them is based on a fallacy. For it will not be the

concern of the big commercial interests to offer a service to the public, but only to go the quickest way to pick up the biggest possible share of the available advertising revenue. This will not be by striving to offer a universal coverage, but by concentrating on the three or four principal population centres—Clydeside, Lancashire, the Midland industrial belt and Greater London, for instance. It is a fairly safe bet that, thus skimming the profitable cream of advertising, they will have no strong incentive to worry about the people of, say, South Wales or East Anglia. Moreover, the cheapest way of using popular entertainment to capture advertising revenue is to buy the expensive stars and economise on everything else. Commercialised TV will mean bigger incomes for Jack Solomons and Donald Peers: it will do little to help the rank-and-file of professional artists—especially since U.S. experience suggests that the presentation of straight plays, with their relatively long running time, is unpopular with sponsors. As to costs, the public need be under no illusion about who would finance commercialised TV: the consumer would foot the bill, to the last penny. It is true that the B.B.C. itself would require gigantic funds to give the public the service it demands; but it is not true that the ultimate cost to the consumer is any less for being concealed in the cost of goods.

The claims of the Commercial lobby are thus unscrupulously overstated, and have found favour only with an uncritical public: while the other side of the account—the real price we should have to pay to give the commercialisers their profit—is formidable. It is not necessary to envisage in England the extremes of sadism and prurient sex which have disgusted so many American families with sponsored TV. No doubt, the rock-bottom standards of taste in this country are somewhat higher. Then, too, the harm can be to some extent mitigated by the device of selling advertising time between programmes (by analogy with the advertising columns of a newspaper) and not allowing the advertiser to sponsor and present the programme itself. But even then the advertiser would exercise an indirectly irresistible influence on the station, which, unable to earn even the equivalent of a newspaper's sales revenue, would depend for its existence entirely on its ability to present programmes which the advertisers thought conducive to popular selling. There can be little doubt that such a system would reveal a sort of Gresham's Law of declining taste, and that the best that could be expected from TV commercialised in this fashion would be the standards of the popular tabloid.

Meanwhile, the B.B.C. would be compelled to redeem its obligation of universal public service in the face of unequal and unfair competition from people who have no such obligation. It would probably be forced on to the defensive and compelled to choose between abandoning its mission and abandoning its public. The Government itself would then have the excuse to do it further injury, as the commercialisers desire, by withholding yet more of its revenue and reminding us that the publicly financed Corporation was no longer the sole source of TV.

Parliament, in a word, must choose. The B.B.C. monopoly will never be entirely free of the faults of monopoly. It will doubtless continue as the main source of propaganda against social change. Robbed, as it already is, by successive Governments of a proportion of its license revenue, it may develop slower than an impatient public desires; but it will aim at a universal coverage as a public service, and will, if we may judge from sound radio, consistently work to raise standards of taste. The alternative is a commercialised system which would probably be run largely by the mass-circulation newspapers and the big advertising agencies, solely in the interests of profit; which would have no incentive to provide universal coverage or any form of public service, and which must almost inevitably tend to debase the already low standards of taste. It does not require the symptomatic extremism of Mr. J. Fred Muggs to persuade us that, for all its anti-Socialism, the former is the better prospect.

The New Deal in the Saar

THE Saar *Landtag* elections took place at the end of last year. Both the Socialists and the Nationalists of the Right in Germany hoped to see this turned into another plebiscite, this time for the incorporation of the Saar in the Federal Republic. However, the Saar Government, headed by Herr Johannes Hoffmann, refused to give constitutional recognition to political parties which championed the German cause; Herr Hoffmann insisted that the Saar constitution, postulating Saar autonomy as it did, could not sanction parties aimed against itself. He held the election in November on his own terms, gaining, with the support of both the working-class and the Church, a two-thirds vote. His main platform was full employment and high social services; and this had its appeal.

Another factor in Hoffmann's success was his determination to gain a more genuine autonomy for the Saarland from the French, and to work for its recognition by one or all of the European communities. When, four days before the election, he was able to announce that the French had agreed to revise the Conventions which they had imposed upon the Saar in March, 1950, it appeared that his programme was already beginning to materialise. There was talk of election manœuvring, of course, but this did not rob the gingerbread of its gilt. In fact within six months, after gruelling negotiations, Herr Hoffmann achieved in the Franco-Saar Agreements signed on May 20, 1953, more than he can have contemplated in November, 1952. What hostile Saarlanders called the "colonial status" conferred upon them by the Conventions had gone.

The Franco-Saar negotiations opened in Paris on February 9 of this year. It proved comparatively simple to come to terms on the political issues. It was quickly agreed, for example, that the French would abandon their power to legislate for the Saar and the right of their representative in Saarbrücken to veto Saar legislation. Although the French would in general continue to represent the Saar abroad, it was also agreed that the Saar Government should nominate its own representatives where it had special interests.

The economic issues were at once more complicated and more controversial. Whereas the Saarlanders had complained bitterly because they had paid up to 7½ per cent. of their ordinary budget to France, this figure has now been reduced to a bare 5 per cent., as the contribution of the Saar to the cost of diplomatic representation and defence—for the latter the French remain solely responsible. Another French concession to which the Saarlanders attach much weight is the right of the Saar Government to distribute its own import licences within a total agreed figure.

In the past the bitterest conflicts between France and the Saar have arisen over French administration of the Saar mines as defined in the fourth of the Conventions of March, 1950. The mines employ well over 60,000 people in the Saar, more than any other single industry. The Saar mines were transferred from the Prussian State to the French State as reparation at the end of the first German war and were then bought back by Hitler after the plebiscite of January, 1935—legally they would be the property of the Third Reich if it still existed. By Convention IV they were leased to France for 50 years, and placed under the ultimate authority of the French Minister of Mines. Now the Saar mines are to be reorganised as a public corporation called the *Saarbergwerke* managed, not by a Frenchman as heretofore, but by a *Vorstand* (or Board of Management) consisting of five people of whom at least two are to be Frenchmen and at least two Saarlanders, all chosen jointly by the French and Saar Governments. The *Vorstand* will be supervised by a Mines Council containing ten Frenchmen and ten Saarlanders; of the latter, four are to be working miners which will give the Saar miners the *Mitbestimmungsrecht* which they have coveted angrily ever since the Ruhr miners have had their say in management.

Throughout the Franco-Saar negotiations of this Spring the most acute difficulty has been that of the Warndt coal-field which lies under Saar territory but for technical reasons is mined from Lorraine, partly by Saar miners who cross into France every day for the purpose. The Saarlanders look upon the Warndt as their most important reserve and have long complained that the French were digging it away, while the French pointed out that it would be the maddest extravagance to sink new shafts from Saar territory. Several times it seemed as if the Warndt had created a deadlock, for delegations from Lorraine stormed René Mayer protesting that any concessions to the Saar would jeopardise the livelihood of 7,000 Lorrainers. At last a way out was found. The third additional protocol to the mines agreement signed on May 20 set up an arbitration commission to draw an exact frontier around the Warndt area leased to the *Houillères du Bassin de Lorraine* by the *Saarbergwerke* for thirty years from 1950: the commission has also to decide what the Lorrainers are to pay to the Saar per ton of Warndt coal mined by them. Meanwhile the French have agreed that the Saarlanders employed by the *Houillères de Lorraine* are to enjoy the exceptionally high social benefits paid in the Saar, and that Saarlanders are to be preferred for employment in the Warndt.

All along Herr Hoffmann has spoken of the Europeanisation of the Saar as his ultimate goal. In practice he takes this to mean that the Coal and Steel Community, possibly even the Council of Europe, will ratify the new Franco-Saar agreements and take over the protection of the Saar hitherto exercised by France alone: he is anxious for the Saar to become the seventh member of Little Europe. The new agreements involve really astonishing concessions from France, concessions which were considered out of the question in Paris two or three months ago. Their value is unfortunately diminished by the now precarious economy of France and the ignominy of her constant search for a government. Even so they appear to give rise to German anxiety as acrid as that induced by the Saar election six

months before. The comments which have come from the Federal Republic do not sound like mere electioneering, and perhaps against Dr. Adenauer's will, the reconciliation of Paris with Saarbrücken is being branded by the Germans, not as another step towards European integration, but as an affront to Germany.

ELIZABETH WISKEMAN

London Diary

I READ with surprise the *Manchester Guardian's* editorial apologising for Low's candid cartoon "The Morning After." It was not one of his great cartoons, but it said the right thing at the right time—that is to say, the time when people would take notice. This point was beautifully made by Low himself in his second cartoon showing himself as "the scoundrel that talked too soon," immured in the Tower. Low, after all, had only said what every leader of thought should say on such occasions, that no jamboree, religious service or attractive Sovereign can save us from reality. When the frills are faded and the propaganda peters out we must wake up from our fairy story. At no time in our history since the 17th century would such a cartoon have seemed mistimed or offensive. Editors have considered it their duty to maintain the British tradition, observed from 1689 to the present day, that the monarchy is to be treated like other human institutions; it is to be respected if worthy of respect, maintained if useful and changed or abolished, if not. Judging from the large correspondence that flowed over the head of the unfortunate editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, scores of presumably educated readers have obviously forgotten this tradition and allowed themselves to relapse into a state of mind when they could believe in anything, including the divinity of kings. Low and the *Manchester Guardian*, by letting a spotlight of reason penetrate into these dark mysteries, seem to them to have done something obscene, blasphemous, or at least as sacrilegious as spitting in church. Of course, not all the *Guardian's* correspondents took this view; some rallied to Low's defence and I have no doubt that many more have since repented. I hope there will now be some reaction to sanity. The propagandists have overdone it as usual, and people may be warned by the extravagant claims of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, and by Tory newspapers which, in their anxiety to cash in on the present wave of emotion, have begun to talk of reviving the royal veto. This kind of rubbish is an ill service to the young Queen and Prince who, as far as my information goes, are very ready to take a sane modest view of themselves and their office.

* * *

Pandit Nehru was one of the most impressive figures in the Coronation procession. In private conversation or at a press conference or in a TV interview, he impresses by his obvious sincerity, his luminous intelligence and his calm and reasonable handling of each of the problems put to him. This is in some ways deceptive, for Mr. Nehru is a warm-tempered, even explosive, man. There are famous occasions on record when he has jumped from the platform in the middle of a speech to scrag a persistent interrupter. In his public appearances this week he has been patient, even cautious, as he had to be, about the big topical issues. But there have been sudden splendid outbursts when he was roused about the fight with religious fanaticism in India, or, more spectacularly, about the folly of disregarding the growth of nationalism in Asia and Africa. His anxious warning to us has been that Asians and Africans are not affected by the "danger of Communism" and suchlike cries; they demand liberation from poverty, disease, and foreign imperialism, and if the West remains imperialist, then Communists automatically look like liberators. In short, the British in East Africa, the French in North Africa and the Boers in South Africa are making the same mistake that the British so long made in India. This remains true in Nehru's view, even though the right policy in Africa, which has so little basis of civilisation to fall back upon, is much more difficult to formulate than it was in India, where our job was simply to clear out.

* * *

On Coronation night I fell into conversation with Ivor Richards and his wife (both of them expert mountaineers) on the subject of the Everest triumph. Richards had a special interest in the matter because he was a contemporary with Mallory at Magdalene. He made a point that I have not seen in the press. Owing to the stratification of the mountain, the ascent from Nepal is, technically, considerably easier than that from Tibet. So much so that Richards and others believe that in spite of the handicap of much heavier oxygen equipment, Mallory and Irvine would probably have reached the top in the second or even the first attempt, if they had been able to climb by the southern route. But Nepal was then completely shut off for political reasons while Tibet was open. Today, obsessed with the notion that an Everest expedition is a disguise for imperialist espionage, the Chinese have totally closed Tibet, while Nepal is friendly.

* * *

General Erskine, now in charge of East African Command, is an able field commander who on occasion has shown himself both shrewd and rough in dealing with politics. In Belgium in the aftermath of the war he thwarted an attempted Communist coup without bloodshed. In Egypt, on the other hand, his ruthlessness at Ismailia provoked the riot which burnt down a large part of Cairo. As a soldier I should expect him to disapprove of the state of mind which evaluates success by the number of "terrorists" massacred each week, and I hope he will put a stop to the disgraceful practice (there is too much evidence of it) by which Kikuyu, against whom no Court charge has been made, have been dismissed by their escort so that they could be shot while "attempting to escape." He will be confronted by a group of settlers who will not want political or economic reform, but demand instead the right to control Kenya without "Whitehall interference." If they continue to get their way discontent amongst the Luo and other tribes will increase. When the Kikuyu rising is crushed, it will be all the more effective if, as seems likely, trouble among the Luo takes the South African form of passive resistance rather than the Kikuyu form of violence. In short, one hopes for some sign from Nairobi that a new political and economic policy is now being considered. Sir Hugh Dow, Chairman of the Land Commission, said emphatically the other day, after his return from three months in East Africa, that racial domination must give way to racial partnership. Mr. Blundell, when talking to people in England, says the same thing. But what kind of partnership? What in Kenya does the phrase mean?

* * *

Recalling the things which estranged the pro-Soviet public here from Russia after the war, I should say that there was no single incident so damaging as the Kremlin's separation of British husbands from Russian wives. It symbolised everything that people feared about Moscow. Such excuses—never publicly made—that the wives may have been used for espionage in the British Embassy or Military Mission in Russia during the war, only made things worse. Even if they were true, the damage to Russia by this clumsy bit of inhumanity did much more harm than any that could come from the indiscretions of a typist. So indefensible was this Soviet attitude that one leading British Communist, who had never before been heard to criticise Soviet policy, publicly admitted that the Russians were making a bad mistake. This incident, coupled with Moscow's refusal to allow a contingent of the Red Army to the London Victory Parade, convinced scores of people that Moscow did not want any kind of friendly relationship with the West. If the Kremlin at long last grants visas to girls who want to go abroad—so far two war brides are to join their American husbands—and if perhaps this concession is followed up with real freedom for foreign visitors in Russia, the change in atmosphere between East and West may be quite dramatic.

* * *

A very remarkable example of the atmosphere created by the McCarthy campaign occurred recently in New York when a successful musicale —*Wonderful Town* with Rosalind Russell as its star performer—was closed down *for a single performance*. The explanation is this. The show was already booked up for some five months in advance. A columnist found out that the supposedly fellow-travelling paper *The National Guardian*, edited by Cedric Belfrage (now due to be deported) had booked 300 seats for a benefit night. He addressed an open letter to the producer of the show asking whether he approved of Leftists seeing his play! The theatre responded by cancelling the show for the night when the *National Guardian* had taken tickets.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

This country and Commonwealth last Tuesday were not far from the Kingdom of Heaven.—Archbishop of Canterbury reported in *Star*. (John Galloway.)

Object of the school is to improve the civic and social sense of the young girls, whose behaviour has recently been subject to criticism. One debutante released a white mouse at a recent presentation ball.—*Star*. (Peter Vansittart.)

For a year a husband and wife have lived in a wooden dog kennel seven feet long by five feet wide at Ystradmynach, Glamorgan. The kennel is one of four in the corner of a disused allotment. Three are occupied by dogs and the fourth by Mrs. Dorothy May Norman and her husband, an engineer at a local power station.—*The Times*. (H.V.J.)

Essex is trying to rouse the City of London to support him against Elizabeth. An angry housewife appears at an upper window and, according to the directions, empties a receptacle on Cuffe and his followers.
Following representations by the Lord Chamberlain's Office, a basin has been substituted.—*Daily Telegraph*. (Michael Churvet.)

Men reqd. as bricklayers in north-eastern district. Must be good at fancy patterns and should not object to immediate demolition of own work.—Advt. in Provincial University Newspaper. (A. J. Parkin.)

LES ECOUTANTS

[Mr. Lyttelton broke his journey in Paris to meet a Minister; as there was no Government he came straight to London.—*News Item.*]

"Is there anybody there?" said Mr. Lyttelton,
Rapping at the Quai d'Orsay?
"I have broken my journey from East Africa
For a luncheon date today.
If M. Mendès-France is not receiving,
Then Mayer or Reynaud will do,
But if anyone should happen to be listening,
I have kept my rendezvous."
But nobody came down to Mr. Lyttelton
As ex-Premiers answered the roll,
And no one from the window dropped a message
From President Auriol,
So he rapped upon the door a second time,
As he champed and chafed outside:
"Reynaud? Mayer? Mendès-France? Bidault?
Is anybody there?" he cried.
But nobody seemed to be listening,
Though there behind the door, for all he knew,
Stood Mayer, Reynaud, Mendès-France and Bidault,
And President Auriol too.
Then he rapped even louder, as he muttered
"A most unsatisfactory bunch."
And he called: "Say I came and no one answered—
I kept my date for lunch!"
But if they were standing there, listening,
They were silent as he went on and on,
If anyone was there—no one noticed
Mr. Lyttelton had come and gone.

SAGITTARIUS

Marxism Revisited

V. A Communist Reply

Mr. Strachey once paid what he calls the land of Marxism a fairly prolonged visit, during which he was able to pick up and express with reasonable accuracy the ideas of the inhabitants. But he has travelled far since then, and his articles on "Marxism Revisited" present Marxism in a strange guise.

He sets out to explain Marx's "mighty diagram of the contemporary economic system," and poses the question: "Have things worked out like this or haven't they?" His argument is, I think, fairly stated as follows: Marx, Mr. Strachey says, considered that workers could get no share in increased productivity, and that therefore the widening gap between their static wages and their constantly rising productivity must result in periodic gluts, slumps and crises, ending in the final catastrophe of the system. From a purely economic standpoint, says Mr. Strachey, there is some truth in this; but experience in the last hundred years has shown that in a democracy "trade union and reformist political pressure" can raise the workers' share as production increases, and indeed has pushed up this share "till it has run at the very least parallel with the curve of rising productivity." This means that a way has been found to avoid the widening gap foreseen by Marx, and so to avoid "the fatal sequence of slump, stagnation, aggression." So—provided that this way is followed—capitalism can be carried on without any serious adverse effects until it is transformed into Socialism.

This conclusion is no doubt very comforting to Mr. Strachey. But is it justified, as he claims, by the experience of the last hundred years?

Marx did not in fact hold that wages were tied to some physical subsistence level, so that the workers could never improve their conditions. He held that the value of labour power, for which the capitalist paid wages, could be raised in many ways, including trade union and political action; he was himself closely associated with working-class activities to win industrial and political reforms. However, having dismissed Marx's alleged view as obviously absurd, Mr. Strachey then tries to establish the very opposite—that in fact the working class has succeeded in getting its full proportionate share in increased productivity.

This is, to say the least, very doubtful, even if the statement applies only to Britain. Mr. Strachey himself quotes figures showing that the workers' share in the national income fell from 50 per cent. in 1860 to 39 per cent. in 1911, subsequently fluctuating around 40 per cent. In 1950 it was still 40 per cent. These figures hardly support his case. He therefore falls back on "the growth of salaries and the great redistribution by tax which we in Britain have effected," from which he concludes that "the distribution of national income has become more equal in a significant sense." Statisticians differ as to whether, and if so to what extent, such a redistribution has taken place. But there can be no ground for assuming that a redistribution has taken place equal to the rise in productivity, which he puts at 3 per cent. a year cumulative.

If we examine the movement of real wages—money wage rates in relation to prices—the official figures (which trade unionists regard as biased against them) show that they are much the same today as they were twenty years ago. In the last six years alone, since the 1947 index was introduced, the cost of living has risen by 41 per cent, money wage rates by only 34 per cent. This means a fall of some 5 per cent. in real wages, while average productivity, on Mr. Strachey's figure, will have risen some 18 per cent.

As for social services, Lord Beveridge, in the House of Lords on May 20, called attention to the sharp decline in their real value since 1948; all benefits and pensions have suffered, affecting millions of people. The actual cuts in the social services must also be noted.

It is true that many workers earn more than the standard wage rate by piece-work and working overtime. The nominal reduction in working hours after the war has not been realised in practice, because workers have been unable to live on their standard wage, and continuous overtime is a necessary feature of their life today. In many cases this takes the form of working at two jobs; and family earnings have to be supplemented by more women working. Moreover, direct and indirect taxation on the workers is far heavier than ever before. All this is not a picture of continuous advances in their standards, even though no precise statistical conclusion can be drawn.

In any case, Mr. Strachey's whole argument is limited to what has happened in Britain. Marx's "mighty diagram" in *Capital* dealt with capitalist production as a whole. It is, therefore, not possible to disprove his thesis by showing that over a certain period in a particular country—Britain or the United States—the total income of the workers has risen. Account must be taken of the spread of capitalism to other countries, especially the colonial countries. There are no statistics to show the results of the impact of capitalism all over the world; but official figures for Malaya show, between 1939 and 1948, a fivefold increase in prices while wages only doubled; the position in Kenya and other colonial territories is much the same. The inclusion of such figures in any overall picture of capitalist production would deeply undermine Mr. Strachey's argument. Yet all these figures relate only to the economic aspect, in a period of relative boom. If two world wars, almost continual colonial wars, and repeated slumps are also taken into account, the mass of hardships and misery resulting from capitalism in the last fifty years is overwhelming, while productivity has maintained its steady advance.

Indeed, if there was no increasing gap between purchasing power and things produced for consumption, how does Mr. Strachey account for the repeated economic crises during the last hundred years? Are all the facts recorded by Beveridge in *Full Employment in a Free Society* to be lightly dismissed?

There is, of course, another possible explanation. If working-class income has remained at a constant proportion of total production, and yet there have been slumps, it may be because the workers' share at the start was not adequate to absorb the output. But that solution does not help Mr. Strachey, who tries to prove that the maintenance of the former proportion is enough to avoid slumps and other unpleasant consequences.

But perhaps Mr. Strachey's enthusiasm has led him to over-state his case. Perhaps he would admit that in the bad old days, even in democratic Britain, working-class income did not always keep pace with rising productivity. Now, however, he may claim, the democratic forces are much stronger; now at last "trade union and reformist political pressure" can operate with such power against monopoly capitalism that it is possible to maintain working-class income in proportion to productivity, thus doing away with "the fatal sequence of slump, stagnation, aggression." This is the final conclusion which he draws, though his eyes must have been very tightly shut to the world round him when he wrote it down.

Certainly the build-up to this conclusion began in an imaginary world. In his first article he alleged that Marx, and Communists today, were not interested in immediate gains for the workers, but only in strikes and other working class actions "for the sake of the educative, revolutionary effect." Therefore, he argues, when the workers are led by Communists they go down; when they are led by people who "genuinely care" about immediate gains, they can win "important material advantages." It is a beautiful picture.

Mr. Strachey claims that the workers have learnt this by experience. But in the years since the war those who, according to Mr. Strachey, "genuinely care" for immediate gains for the workers, have consistently tried to maintain a "wage freeze" or "wages restraint" in spite of rising prices, soaring profits, and increasing productivity. On the other hand, the Communists have campaigned and still campaign for such immediate gains; and, in fact, the workers have broken through the "standstill" policy.

Is there any truth in the allegation that Marx and the Communists are only concerned with the future and not the present? In the *Communist Manifesto* of 1848 Marx and Engels wrote:

"The Communists fight for the attainment of the immediate aims, for the enforcement of the momentary interests of the working class; but in the movement of the present, they also represent and take care of the future of that movement."

This is the policy which Mr. Strachey distorts into one of Communists who care only for Socialism

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and not a fig for the workers' immediate interests. The care for Socialism, however, is the best guarantee of a working class outlook on every immediate issue. The abandonment of Socialism carries with it the abandonment also of the workers' immediate interests. This is the real experience of the workers.

Mr. Strachey's argument, however, raises the question of what precisely he means by democratic trade union and political pressure, on which his whole case rests. His presentation implies that such pressure must not be carried as far as conflict—that the working class can only advance in so far as it can get agreement from the monopoly capitalists. It is on this basis that he assumes the working class proportion of total output can be maintained, and so slumps and wars avoided. This is apparently also the basis on which Mr. Strachey expects "to push ahead with the transformation into Socialism" of monopoly capitalism "in a democratic political environment."

Communists also believe that the British working class should "push ahead" with the transformation into Socialism on the basis of our democratic political environment. But democratic trade union and political pressure, both for immediate gains and for the advance to Socialism, can only bring success if it is carried beyond the point of capitalist consent, involving the need to meet resistance by overwhelming industrial and political strength. To develop this strength, working class unity and a fighting policy are essential. This is the view put forward in the Communist Party's programme *The British Road to Socialism*. It is a view held by increasing numbers in the Labour Party and Trade Unions.

I entirely agree with Strachey's argument for independence from American control, but his pleasant perspective of monopoly capitalism continuing on the basis of steadily improving conditions for the working class while it is, apparently painlessly, transformed into Socialism, is at best an illusion which can only weaken the working class movement. After all, why bother to transform monopoly capitalism into Socialism if, prodded by "trade union and reformist political pressure," it can do so well? Is it not fundamental to the case for Socialism that it does what capitalism can never do, namely, ensure a steadily rising standard of living for the whole people, as is being shown particularly in the Soviet Union?

Communists claim no monopoly in thinking that a working class policy based on a far wider and more realistic approach than Mr. Strachey's is needed. It cannot be ignored that in Britain, as in other capitalist countries, "trade union and reformist political pressure," whatever its gains, have left the basic relations between capital and wage labour unchanged. Production is still for private profit, directly or at one remove in the case of the nationalised industries. The accumulation of profit and the drive to expansion continues; so does the struggle for markets between the rival imperialist groups. Colonial wars are in progress, not to raise the living standards of the people, but to keep them at a level generally admitted to be below even physical subsistence; and the cost of these wars is an important element in British taxation. To this must be added the staggering burden of armaments, which obviously falls on the people; and the steadily accumulating conditions for a slump, which are causing serious concern in the United States as well as in other capitalist countries.

In this situation in the capitalist world, Mr. Strachey's formula—"keep working class income proportionate to productivity and all will be well"—is totally unreal.

EMILE BURNS

Report on Morocco

III—A L'OMBRE DE L'ISTIQLAL DÉFLEURÉ.

THE Istiqlal has, more or less, gone underground. It is a decapitated movement, not a nationalist movement with a great leader enjoying the prestige of Bourguiba in Tunisia. The Sultan, without seeing eye-to-eye on everything with the Istiqlal (in theory, at least, the Istiqlal wants "immediate independence") is openly sympathetic to it; but he has now been pretty well "isolated"—to begin with. Of the Party's six principal leaders, three are in prison, one has been deported ("*éloigné*"), and two are abroad—one in Egypt, the other in the United States. The conditions in which the prisoners are kept are the object of bitter complaints from their friends.

The December "incidents" at Casablanca have left a deep mark on the country. The French extremists do not make any bones about having been "ruthless," about hitting very hard in order to gain for Morocco "several years of peace." They claim to have smashed the Istiqlal, the Communists and the trade union movement. No Frenchman I met in Morocco seriously claimed, as Paris did, that only 33 people had been killed in the December riots. Very many more appear to have been killed, even according to Europeans; and the beating-up of Moroccans in the streets of Casablanca makes a particularly ugly story. There seems little doubt that, through the force of propaganda, certain sections of the French population of Casablanca got into a thorough panic and stopped at nothing. They had the reflex of the well-bred ladies of 1871 who broke their parasols over the heads of the *communards* taken prisoner. And how many Moroccans are in prison? The figures vary from the French 400 to the Istiqlal's 4,000; but I rather think that the French 400 applies to Casablanca alone, and not to the whole country; and, as *Le Figaro's* special inquiry suggested, the arrests are far from having been confined to Casablanca.

Trade unionism is really in the centre of the Moroccan conflict. What the French authorities fear most is the creation in Morocco of a *native* trade union organisation, on the lines of the Tunisian U.G.T.T.—all the more serious in Morocco, where industrialisation is making much more rapid progress than anywhere else in North Africa. It was no accident that the people who had gone to the trade union meeting on December 8 should have been treated with particular brutality.

What were the French afraid of? The Moroccan trade union federation is on paper a branch of the C.G.T., controlled in France chiefly by the Communists. In Morocco, however, the Istiqlal were gaining more and more control of the trade union movement; and, according to Moroccans well inside the movement, the Istiqlal were planning, at the proposed meeting in February, 1953 (in view of what had happened, it never took place), to eliminate the French and Moroccan Communists from the governing body of the trade union federation and to give the trade union federation an exclusively Istiqlal board. Not only that—they meant apparently to apply for membership in the I.C.F.T.U. (International Confederation of Free Trade Unions), which is eminently "respectable" from the American point of view.

This was obviously the last thing the French authorities wanted. Not only have they denounced the Istiqlal for its "collusion" with the Communists, but, in demanding that there should be no trade union federation in Morocco without a 50 per cent. French membership on the board, are they not also demanding thereby that there *should* be French Communists at the head of any Moroccan trade union federation, so that the "collusion" between Communists and Istiqlal may be, willy-nilly, perpetuated? Anything, in short, to prevent the Moroccan trade unions from becoming "respectable" in American and Social-Democrat eyes! Alternatively, other French interests simply prefer to authorise something on the lines of Vichy's *syndicats d'entreprise*, incapable of any sort of political or mass action whatsoever.

The Istiqlal, in M. Boniface's opinion, is "nothing," is "*zéro*." But why, then, should so many people have been put in prison? Why also should the Moroccan nationalist press have been totally prohibited? Moreover, there is no evidence that the Istiqlal leaders are going to have a fair and reasonable trial within a short time—if at all. In fact, the opinion expressed to me by an important official was that there would probably be no trial of the main Istiqlal leaders at all—it would be much "simpler" to keep them isolated "as long as necessary." No doubt there is much about the Istiqlal that is still immature and amateurish. Their leaders are much less experienced politicians than the leaders of the Tunisian Neo-Destour. Some of their propaganda is childish—notably their stories of the "golden age" of Morocco "before the French came," which has all the faults of immature nationalist propaganda. To compare Istiqlal "histories" of Morocco with French "histories" for popular consumption is a most amusing pastime; according to the Istiqlal, the Great Sultan Moulay Idriss was Louis XIV and Peter the Great and Queen Elizabeth, all rolled into one; according to the *Guide Michelin*, he was a monster "who is believed to have slain 36,000 persons with his own hand." Yet there are signs that, even in Morocco, there are some French people—teachers, lawyers, doctors and even businessmen—who are becoming increasingly aware of the dangers, in the long run, of the "tough" policy practised by men like Boniface and—albeit reluctantly—endorsed by General Guillaume, whose line seems to be that if only there is a gradual improvement in the Moroccan people's standard of living, they will not be unduly troublesome.

There is a further factor: the campaign conducted in France by the Catholic intellectuals has—much to the distress of the Bonifaces—made many Frenchmen think. There are attempts on their part to establish closer personal contacts with Moroccan nationalists. The latter, no longer believing much in American support, and even beginning to agree with the Sultan that it may have been a mistake to bring the question of Morocco before U.N., are responding favourably to the still timid overtures of the more liberal French. For they also have been impressed by the movement of liberal opinion in France and are looking forward (as one of them put it) to the not very distant day "when there will be thousands of French Mauriacs in Morocco." What they want is, of course, an amnesty for the Moroccans now in prison, an improvement in the standard of living, an acceleration in the development of health and education, the abandonment by the French authorities of their attempts to undermine the Sultan's authority through the creation of artificial opposition "movements," and the resumption of serious negotiations for fundamental reforms between the Sultan and the French Government—not, indeed, in the hothouse atmosphere of Rabat, but in Paris.

The French often like to say that the Moroccan people are "an amorphous mass"; the Istiqlal

people say that "the whole of Morocco is behind them." In reality neither is true. Nationalism may not have much influence yet in the feudal South; but among the shopkeepers of Fez and among the proletariat of Casablanca, for instance, it is very potent indeed, and it is making rapid headway even in the *bled*. The country is not yet anti-French on the whole (not even after the Casablanca affair); where personal contacts are frequent between the French and the Moroccans, they are usually not bad. French bus-drivers, who have been for years in Morocco, and who speak and swear fluently in Arabic, get on splendidly with their fares; it is the newcomers, the profiteers (and especially their women), who despise the "native," and are the chief creators of hatreds. But in Morocco, which is potentially very prosperous and not yet overpopulated, the French still have every chance of making life bearable for the natives, and of still keeping a fairly large part of the cake. All the more intelligent leaders in Paris know it; their great problem is how to overcome the excessive greed of the local cliques, and to persuade these cliques that Moroccan nationalism has to be reckoned with as a force, and cannot for very much longer be dismissed as "*zéro*."

ALEXANDER WERTH

Throughout the Country

"THROUGHOUT the country," the faintly contemptuous, ascetic voice of the B.B.C. news reader has told us so often in the last week, people have been doing this or that—"hoping against hope that the weather," "accompanying the Queen in their thoughts," rejoicing, and then, somewhat solemnly "taking their well-earned rest," or "going once more about their daily business," or, somewhat facetiously, "nursing the inevitable headache." The phrases are so stale that they probably evoke no image. Or, if they do, it is at the most a fleeting, slightly uncomfortable remembrance of that vast, disquieting body of people who do not live in London and whose actions, therefore, are at once "so important a social factor" and so improbable. A quick succession of visual images—provincial town halls, streets with trams, market crosses, slag heaps and seaside piers—may pass across one's mind like the horrible intimations of a thousand private lives outside our own that make an express train's progress through the London suburbs so disquieting an experience.

The whole thing is not a private London dream, sweet or nightmarish according to taste, not just yours and mine, but of all those familiar figures of "Housewives' Choice" and "Family Favourites." This time, indeed, I did not try to preserve the comfortable, little Londoner's view of England's rejoicings. Urged perhaps by some innate Republicanism, but far more probably by my foolish failure to secure a seat on the Procession route, I spent Coronation day in the most beautiful of Essex towns, and, undeterred by the rain that had swept the market square so carefully prepared for Olde Tyme Dancing and had dripped from the thatched roofs of a hundred stockbrokers', journalists' and publishers' country cottages, I returned there again last weekend to see the celebrations that closed this week of festivity.

The Trust hotel had been careful to provide television, so that Coronation day passed for us as it did for most others. Perhaps if I had viewed the ceremony in my home, I should have been able to preserve my scepticism, my innate Republicanism. Soothed by the familiarity of my own surroundings, the comments of my own small world, I should have sunk easily into my comfortable prejudices. As it was, I sat in a draught, surrounded by the uneasy comments of the saloon bar gang. Never have I seen Good-Scoutery less at ease; they had come with that Rotarian, have-the-next-one-on-me-old-boy jollity that they had found so infallible at a thousand business dinners, Legion reunions and family gatherings. It was a big, British occasion, and no people, of course, were more British than they. It was fascinating to see them fight the strange beauty, the formal Byzantinism of the ceremony that appeared upon the screen. They were prepared, of course, for an occasional catch in the throat, a moment of lowered head, but the elaborate grace before them demanded less perfunctory reverence. There is no English *milieu* less sympathetic than that of the Frothblowers' Anthem; it was nice to see the "gang" so put out when they least expected it.

It was a people, then, dazed with ritual that poured out at the afternoon's end into the Essex countryside, itself lush and sodden with rain, but lit with those strange grey and lemon lights that are a peculiar East Anglian beauty. We were promised dancing (modern) on the town square and dancing (Olde Tyme) in the Exchange. The same ubiquity of police, so peculiar in face of the much advertised inadequacy of the Force, reigned here as in London. The policemen, who forbade the few cars that ventured out to park in the space reserved for dancing, would have served to protect a minor Tito or Akihito. As it was, they helped to move the piano indoors, when it was finally decided to abandon outdoor dancing. It is usually said that youth today likes its pleasures machine-processed, ready made. I suspect that this means that they take pleasure for granted, which seems to me excellent; at any rate, it worked very well on a wet Coronation evening. They just went indoors and danced to an extremely good pair of dance bands, neither the typical B.B.C. genteel "sweet" band, nor its phoney idea of "hot," but first-rate rhythm, which to my delight was amplified so that I could hear "Bye, Bye Blues" in my bedroom well after midnight. It was Mum and Dad who were lost, not the young. For the older 1914 generation, of course, fun on such occasions has to be spontaneous, which means the old stereotyped singing of "A Long, Long Trail" and "Knees-up, Mother Brown." A few sad matrons and their British Legion men tried to keep up the tradition, but even their hearts of oak were eventually daunted by the drizzle. As they departed, dejected, the strains of "Pat Him on the Boko" could be heard triumphant from the dance hall. The moral of which is that old English fun may be all very well, but the Palais de Dance lasts forever.

The only peculiar feature of these Coronation celebrations occurred during the firework display. I was busy dissociating myself from the children, who in face of all police prohibitions were determined to get in the line of fire, when I turned to see a line of dwarfs drawn up black and threatening on the edge of the common against the skyline. Who could they be? Martians, no doubt. What better time and place for an interplanetary invasion? But no, I was informed that this was a nearby private school come to observe the pyrotechnics, drawn up at a safe distance from the town's possible infection. It cannot be said that the townspeople objected. They were used no doubt to the private school headmaster's medieval belief that they were infected with bubonic.

In short, the Coronation celebrations, though pleasant, were quiet. The real festivities, we were told, would come at the weekend. And so Saturday morning found us speeding beneath an Essex sky less impressionistically impressive but more promising. At Dunmow, the usual collection of commuting gentry in careful tweeds and yellow waistcoats were saying "Here's how," while their wives discussed Princess Margaret's dress over double gins. They had all "had seats." But as we passed through the villages, stands and marquees gave promise of the day's entertainment.

We prepared for the festivities by lunch at Long Melford, where some of the best food in England may be eaten. (This is not an advertisement, for there are two hotels in the village.) We then set off for the pageant at Castle Hedingham. On a green sward before the Norman Keep—curiously unreal and like a Victorian stage set—Queen Elizabeth received addresses from Will Shakespeare, Edmund Spenser and Lord Burghley dressed—God knows why!—as a clergyman. If the Keep was Victorian, so indeed were the actors, dressed in Elizabethan costume of that curious frumpy kind that recalls photographs of Ellen Terry as Viola and Beerbohm Tree as Wolsey. The high note, perhaps, was reached when Thomas Morley introduced Her Majesty—always and entirely like Joyce Grenfell—to the madrigal singers, who proceeded to give us that sort of Elizabethan part-singing that belongs irrevocably to Edward German's Merrie England. However, the Pageant was certainly the big draw for the gentry, mostly the commuting barristers and stockbrokers in their shooting brakes and land-rovers. There were, however, one or two of that fabulous species—the really rich—busy with field glasses on the steps of their Rolls. I was particularly pleased with an elderly lady who showed her high Nancy Mitford station by a flashing array of diamonds worn with a tweed suit. She had carefully enamelled, inches thick, that disappointed, sulky face which only the very wealthy former beauties wear. For myself, I was happier in the lovely village of Finchingfield where sports were in progress run by the villagers for the villagers. But England is a class-conscious country and, after watching the under-tens bob for apples and the over-sixteens joust over a stream, we suddenly felt intruders and left for Thaxted, the Mecca of all intellectuals.

Already, as our car came down the hill, we could see the jolly jack tar hats and ribbons that mark the merry morris, and there indeed it was, the annual festival, with more than fifty schoolmasters sitting cross-legged in coloured braces, some earnest and hearty, others like Sir Stafford

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Cripps. A large crowd contained a sprinkling of first-rate Osbert Lancaster intellectuals, including an old lady with grey earphones, purple ribbons round her hair and throat, a purple cloak, and a flatly benign expression that smiled at once upon a Co-operative Guild future and a Maypole past. In a very short time, however, the charm both of the music and steps banished my sense of patronage. The truth was that I thoroughly enjoyed the morris. Indeed, so much so, that the pageant at Toppesfield was almost over when we reached there, too far gone, at any rate, to do more than register the look on all faces that means "the afternoon has been a success." Afterwards at supper at a nearby house I was told that the hostess had been a great success as Roxana; another guest told me he had been playing Wamba the Jester, while a lady who arrived late explained how exhausted she was "what with the rehearsal of Benjie's opera and playing Katharine Howard." Roxana, Wamba and Katharine Howard, a combination that nicely expresses the eclectic, faintly mysterious note of our English countryside festivities.

ANGUS WILSON

The Weather Men

CORONATION Day weather, by general agreement less than worthy of the occasion, ran nevertheless, if not "according to plan," at least according to forecast. Indeed, the experts stretched a point by giving an opinion for several days ahead instead of the forty-eight hours to which they usually limit themselves. Their opinion was damply correct.

Forecasts are based upon "synoptic charts," which are maps containing a distillation of perhaps 1,000 weather observations taken at agreed points all over the northern hemisphere and received by teleprinter or wireless at the Meteorological Office at Dunstable for immediate "plotting." Weather news—the raw material of forecasts—must be "hot" to be useful; its value is evanescent. For the atmosphere, whose moods make up our weather, is perpetually on the move, churning up currents and winds, growing hotter and colder, boiling away like steam in a kettle. News of these changes must reach the forecaster before they are out of date.

From this mass of fleeting facts the staff at Dunstable prepares a synopsis, and it is upon this synopsis, aided by his experience, judgment and scientific training, that the forecaster bases his opinion. And it is only an opinion. A forecast, they will tell you at Dunstable, is "a scientific estimate of probabilities," and is not the same thing as a prediction. There is an element of uncertainty. The forecaster's opinion is, however, at least as accurate as a doctor's or a lawyer's, and is arrived at in much the same way by a consideration of symptoms and evidence. The present average accuracy of the twenty-four-hour forecasts is now higher than it has ever been; for shorter periods, such as those which are required for most flying purposes, it is very accurate indeed.

Fascinating experiments are now being carried out by research meteorologists in this country, in Sweden and the United States, to systematise a method of increasing the accuracy of forecasts or of extending their time limit, or both. These experiments involve a mathematical approach made possible today by the invention of the electronic computer. "Numerical weather prediction" was first expounded in detail by L. F. Richardson in 1920, when this Quaker scientist demonstrated in his book that with known equations derived from observational record the broad curves of a synoptic chart can be calculated mathematically, leaving local deviations (the "wiggles" on the map) to be added from current observation. The difficulty in 1920 was that the calculations involved would be so complex that no one could work them out sufficiently quickly in practice. Richardson himself pointed out that to calculate the weather in this way would mean filling the Albert Hall with computers ranged like an orchestra with a group of senior wranglers to conduct it.

His ideas have been revived in recent post-war years with the development of computers capable of adding two ten-figure numbers together in one five-thousandth of a second or of multiplying to the same accuracy in three-thousandths of a second. The Automatic Computing Engine now in use at the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington is one of several machines which can "think" as fast as a lightning flash and are therefore appropriate for meteorological calculation.

The process involves taking a "model" or "sample" of the atmosphere, rather as is done in preparing public opinion polls. In this way a simplified but representative equation can be arrived at which would in practice supplement the experience of the forecaster which enables him to interpret current weather news. Ideally, of course, a "weather equation" would need a complete picture of wind directions and strengths at all points within the network observed and the changes in this picture for different levels. Thus the need for very wide and exact observation data must always exist.

In this sense constant research continues side by side with the daily routine work at Dunstable, and some new methods of observation are already in use. These include a "thunderstorm unit" (known as "Sferic") which locates thunderstorms as much as 1,500 miles away by picking up lightning flashes in a cathode ray tube, using D.F. aerials to obtain bearings accurate to within five miles. There are now four "Sferic" stations in the British Isles, and the data they supply provides a useful check upon existing information particularly for conditions in the upper air.

For the use of aircraft flying at high altitudes, wind and temperature observations are now taken up to about 60,000 feet by means of "radio-sonde" balloons. These are made of rubber and are about six feet in diameter when released, but expand to about sixteen feet before they finally burst somewhere in the stratosphere, the miniature instruments they carry then dropping gently to the earth's surface by parachute. In practice about 40% of these are returned to the Met. Office, more or less damaged, for repair and re-use. As it ascends, the "radio-sonde" emits musical notes from a tiny radio transmitter which vary in response to changes in the meteorological conditions and are picked up through an oscillator on the ground and interpreted into readings of humidity, pressure and temperature. Upper Air charts are prepared twice daily for varying levels.

Ground weather charts are produced at Dunstable twice daily for the entire Northern hemisphere, eight times daily for Western Europe, the Atlantic and parts of North America, and hourly for the British Isles. The information upon which they are based streams in from every country in the hemisphere in a universal figure code. Bristling over the roof of the Communications Room is a battery of aerials (so many that a special switchboard is needed) so that radio weather reports can be taken down on typewriters by earphoned operators. From this department the messages pass by conveyor belt like so much sausage meat into the editing and plotting rooms, where they are sorted out and rearranged until finally, transformed into curves and symbols on a chart, they confront the forecaster as he settles down to his big moment of prognostication.

The finished charts, and deductions from them, are retransmitted to regional and foreign stations, sometimes in code, sometimes in clear, and sometimes in chart form. For here a new system of facsimile transmission is being tried out. Instead of point by point information which must then be replotted (with consequent small margin of variation at the receiving end), entire charts measuring 18in. by 22in. are sent out over a telephoto machine—curves, graphs, symbols and all. It takes from 10 to 25 minutes to send and receive a facsimile chart by this means, whereas replotting on teleprinted information may take 20 to 30 minutes, in addition to the time necessary to prepare the message.

What the Met. Office cannot do is to change the weather. Meteorologists can tell what weather to expect, but they can do little or nothing to influence conditions.

Little or nothing. . . . What, for instance, of the rainmakers and their catalysts? Is it possible to make rain fall when otherwise it would not? Farmers and agriculturists, to say nothing of military commanders and desert dwellers, would like to know the answer. But so far the matter is still at the experimental stage. Rain occurs, or is "precipitated," when water-vapour in the air (generally in cloud form) can find a "nucleus" on which to collect into drops and, becoming heavy, fall. Changes of temperature, as when clouds cool as they are pushed upward by rising air currents, bring this about in nature. In this country the temperature in a cloud must fall to about minus ten degrees centigrade before ice crystals (which are natural catalysts of clouds) can form and precipitation occur. Water, it has been found, is reluctant to freeze in the atmosphere. But substances can be introduced into clouds which produce artificial nuclei, causing ice crystals to form and moisture to drop at temperatures higher than minus ten degrees centigrade. Silver iodide is one; dry ice is another; ordinary table salt yet another. If a suitable cloud is sprayed (as from an aeroplane) with a catalyst of this kind, rain can sometimes be produced. Or silver iodide may be released as vapour from the ground. Or salt cellars can be sent up attached to balloons and discharged by a fuse.

But the snags are legion. So far it has generally been found that the cost of spraying clouds is far higher than the gain in rain, estimated in terms of money. Moreover, there is often doubt whether the rain might not have fallen in any case, since air currents change so rapidly. In the laboratory artificial rain can be made to fall at will from artificial clouds. But in nature the element of uncertainty which pervades all study of the atmosphere still makes rainmaking too expensive to be a practical proposition.

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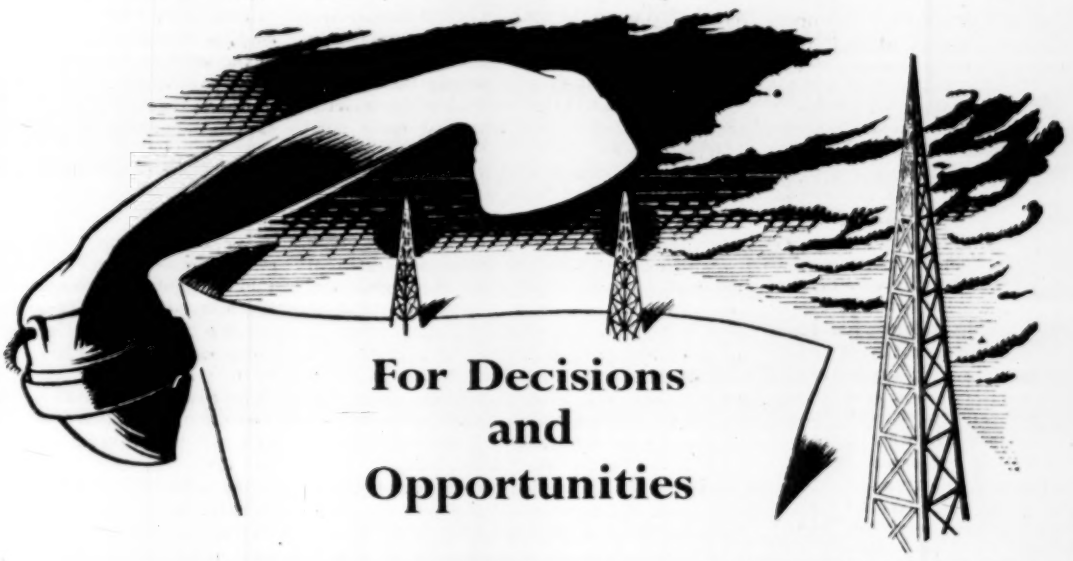

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Going to the Dogs

II—The Ritual and the Worshippers

After the size and grandeur of the London stadiums, the country flapping track seemed slightly derelict but more refreshing. There was a rather battered Tote, a track with hair-pin bends, and an improbably stuffed hare hauled around on a sledge, like a totem. In the enclosure, a number of people stood about nursing their greyhounds. One of them was a woman with a very small dog. She was elderly, the kind of nice, inoffensive woman you would see eating muffins in a suburban Lyons with a pot for one. Far removed, you would say, from the world of sport.

I spoke to her. She was a widow on a pension, and lived for her dog. "He gets the best of everything. I save all the tidbits, you know, nicely cooked bits of haddock and tripe and the best bread there is. Terribly expensive, but there you are." She looked down at the animal rather sadly. I almost expected her to refer to it as her old man. "The people here are quite nice," she went on; "if the dog gets graded this afternoon, I'm sure they'll give it a chance."

The rest of us were a very mixed lot. Breezy faces with scarves and corduroys, thin men in caps with the look of mechanics. Most of them small-time business men with a day or two on their hands. Two men who worked in a garage had shares in a dog. As far as I could tell, it was a good dog with ambition; its eyes lit up when it saw the sacred totem jolting down the course and it strained at its leash. "Expensive hobby," said one of the men; "thirty bob a week. Of course you spend even more than that. Then it takes up a hell of a lot of time. Exercising in the park. Illnesses." I followed him, his partner and his dog over to the traps. The manager stood by the winning post with a stop-watch. When the hare jerked up to the winning post it slowed down to a stop, unlike the White City mechanism. Some of the dogs closed in on it for the kill. There was a hint of some rowdy business. It looked dangerous. I strolled back to the enclosure to see the shared dog, identified on a chart. Flapping tracks, rightly or wrongly, have a bad name for false identities. Any black dog is a black dog, they say; any brindle will pass for a brindle. Yet the identification seemed thorough enough. I wondered . . . .

At Wembley Stadium things are different: the security arrangements are thorough. Only certain officials are allowed to be present in the kennels while each dog, with the guilty expression of a closely-watched animal, is brought in to be weighed, examined and checked with the chart. The Vet, in a white coat, passes them out to be cabined, under the eye of the Security officers, by the kennelmen. Then the kennels are cleared of all except the Security officers. Before the race, the dogs are led out, cross a short path, and enter the stadium. What were the snags? I asked. The path itself: attempts had been made there. Now there were commissionaires patrolling the spot. Then the kennelmen. This was the softest spot. Kennelmen were examined, morally, even more carefully than the dogs. There *had* been cases of the unmentionable. I never heard he actual word "doping" mentioned by any of the dog-racing hierarchy. It was referred to as obliquely as God in the Kremlin, or sex at a vicarage tea-party. I had once used the word inadvertently; an embarrassing silence fell. . . .

In the London stadiums I failed to discern the "typical" worshipper. Some prefer the miniature, mechanical ritual of the dogs to top hats and the sweat of horses. No tradition, just in and out of the bar and all over, bloody quick. Others are Londoners who would prefer betting on horses, smelling the country air, but can't afford it. They come on week-ends with a pound in their pockets and play the devil. Tinkers, tailors, glaziers and the chap around the corner. There is an elderly Chinese intellectual who deciphers manuscripts in the British Museum and goes dog-racing every Saturday. And of course there is the desperate punter, half-educated, embittered, underfed, who is the subject of sociological surveys. But then he, one supposes, must also face up to alcohol, women, cards and American films. Danger is implicit. This is merely one of the duller roads to Hell and the river.

The flapping tracks, I discovered more clearly on a second visit, draw a different public. That afternoon a Breughelish congregation was watching the first race. I placed my wallet in my inside pocket and pushed my way through. There was a breezy atmosphere of catch-as-catch-can, and sly faces peeping over your shoulder as you went to pay in. Also the people shouted at the dogs. Come on, Three, you bastard. Most of the faces were hard and rural. I looked around anxiously for someone to talk to. Even in a London stadium it is difficult enough to solicit information, but here it looked impossible. They were after information, too, and suckers with money.

Then I saw a face. It belonged to a tall man in a very well-cut overcoat. He had the look of an intolerant clubman, in a territory which he knew well, but withdrawn from all contact. It was the face of a man with thought. I approached him. "May I," I said foolishly, "ask you a few questions about dog-racing?" He looked at me with controlled amazement. Then he said "Certainly," and gave a cold smile. "You have come to the right person. I am a professional punter. And for God's sake don't talk so loud. Not in front of all this scum." He went away to place some bets and returned. "If you want a tip, put it on Six and Two." The dogs ran out of the traps, circled the bend, and Six and Two galloped in to win and place. It happened twice. "What's the system?" I asked. "There's no system," said the professional punter. "Any system's my eye. You just break other people's systems. All you've got to do is to look at the dog before it races. Come along before the next race starts."

We walked round to the back of the enclosure where the dogs were led on to the track. The punter suddenly crouched over and twitched like a divining rod. He sniffed the air. "There's the dog," he said. "Number Three. I can tell a dog almost at once. It's a knack. Twenty years of it. Like looking at a man and knowing he's ill or on the up-and-up or done for. *Then* I look at my racing card and check up on information. If you're going to bet, scatter it around like I do, or they'll fiddle the odds. These scum follow me, see?" The race started. Number Three shot out like a bullet, got trapped by Five, and went lame. But it came in second, then fouled the sledge as it slowed down and broke its leg. It went mad and bit four people. "It's all right," said the punter, "I only backed it for a place."

The eighth race was a Sweepstakes Final with a prize of £16 for the winning dog. "There are two owners here who are wangling the race," said the punter. "One of them owns the favourite, *Jolly Boy*, which will draw the bets. The other one's dog, *Mince Meat*, is an outsider, 9 to 1, but it's going to win. *Jolly Boy*'s been stuffed [under-trained]. *Mince Meat*'s a champion. Look at him over there." *Mince Meat* looked an enormous, predatory dog. "It's a beauty. Both owners will back *Mince Meat*, and a few of the other scum who are in on it."

After the race, we went and had a drink. "*Mince Meat* was all right, eh? They give those dogs a glass of sherry and a Lolly before they run. A Lolly? Pill, of course: benzedrine." He started polishing his nails. He was vain, lonely, with clear, almost noble eyes and a spiteful mouth. He was fighting guerilla warfare with the stadiums, and wanted to talk, to boast, to confess. Elementary school education, worked in hotels, then he had an accident and couldn't bend down properly. Earned an average of twenty pounds a week on the tracks. Went from stadium to stadium in a taxi. Couldn't spell properly. Went home every night and wrote the dogs up in his little book. "Look here," he said to me suddenly crouching, "You're not an Inland Revenue nark, are you? No, I don't think you could be. You haven't the feel of one. But you can never tell. They snoop round the flappers. Not that I care. The Government run the tracks with their ten per cent, challenging me to win, and I win." He carried an air of authority, a brutal St. James's Street dandiness, let down by that futile, unrelated mouth.

"Listen," he said. "The tracks are crooked and the punters are a lot of greedy rats. Dog racing is a business, and it's got to keep in business. There's no philanthropy anywhere. The public work on systems. Roulette systems, laws of averages, betting on one trap. The old ladies bang their four bob on the "forecasts." Or stick to the favourites. If the favourites always came in, the stadiums would have to close down. Do you get me?" (The voice become that of the typical barrack lawyer)

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"And the bloody fools think it's all coming their way. Then, bang, and it all goes against them." He shot a cuff. "Why? I'll tell you why. They've no patience, they're money-mad. And *they don't watch the dogs*. I can tell a stuffed dog a mile off. Well, I'm off to Walthamstow. Just one bet."

He suddenly looked lonely. "No need to exchange names. We'll meet again. I mightn't talk to you. I'll be by the traps. They walk round once, then backwards and forwards. Then, I know." He swelled, and crouched, then deflated. We shook hands. He stood, hesitating. "By the way, do you have any success with young girls? I'm forty-two, and I'm failing." He patted his cheeks. "Going to fat," he said.

ANTHONY CARSON

The Arts and Entertainment

ROYAL OPERAS

OF *Gloriana*, the culminating musical event of the Coronation, I can offer at present only a preliminary account, based on the score, the final dress rehearsal and the broadcast of Monday's gala *première*. Britten's music and the admirable Covent Garden performance I hope to discuss in more detail next week; but I cannot refrain from mentioning at once the beauty of John Piper's decor, than which I remember nothing of its kind at once so rich and so harmonious.

For this royally commissioned opera the composer has had recourse to yet another librettist, William Plomer—his sixth, if we count the collaboration of Auden in the forgotten *Paul Bunyan*. This Tudor fickleness provides welcome evidence of discontent; nevertheless, if solid masterpieces are to be achieved, it is time to settle down. Can we look for a Catherine Parr in Mr. Plomer: that is to say, for a Da Ponte, a Boito or a Hofmannsthal? The nature of the case leaves the question open. *Gloriana* is a neat and serviceable text, poetic and imaginative on occasion, and free from the pretentious obscurity of the typical modern opera-book; but it is more pageant than drama. Though Strachey's highly dramatised *Elizabeth and Essex* has provided a framework, it has not provided a play: that complex and tortuous relationship was not easy to recast in dramatically self-sufficient terms at the slow pace dictated by music. Bold manipulation and invention of fact might have produced a taut drama of amorous and political intrigue; but this was not the aim of author and composer. Before their Virgin Queen they have spread a sober cloak of historical truth, upon which she can pace forward safely, picturesquely, grandly—but without the clash and the tension which we expect from opera. Only now and again—most notably in the last act—are we emotionally affected by the human predicament set before us; in general, drama has been subordinated to spectacle and splendour. There was good reason behind this decision, though it will limit the future popularity of the work. Masques, dancing, ceremony—all these were required, not only in homage to the present Queen, but in order to present a vivid picture of the Elizabethan Age. The familiar attributes of the principal figures are recognisably outlined; but the work remains essentially decorative, a lavish picture-book.

There are eight scenes, two in the first act, three each in the others. The first scene—the jealous rivalry of Essex and Mountjoy and their reconciliation by the Queen—falls somewhat short in physical exuberance, but in compensation it brings us a sweet-scented choral tune, "Green leaves are we," which paints the people's love of the Queen and recurs in various shapes throughout the opera; sometimes on the brass, as a symbol of majesty. Next we see the Queen in her Palace of Nonesuch; first discussing policy with Cecil (here the composer has achieved the seemingly impossible feat of making music—genuine music—out of a speech in praise of political caution); then in an interview which establishes her sentimental relationship with Essex. Here come the Earl's two Lute Songs which, like much else in the score, link the modern with the Elizabethan idiom; the second, a touching piece, begins with a quotation from Wilbye and serves later as a nostalgic symbol of the Essex-Elizabeth relationship.

So far we have been charmed, but not exhilarated. That note is struck, memorably, at the beginning of the second act, which shows the Queen "on progress" at Norwich and entertained by a brilliant masque. A nocturne follows, set in the garden of Essex House by the Thames. This scene has something in common with the Polish episode in Mussorgsky's *Boris*, in that we assist at a love affair between two persons of whom we know little (in this case, Mountjoy and Lady Rich), a love affair interwoven with political intrigue. Mountjoy's opening serenade is pretty; but, as in *Boris*, the total effect of the interlude is rather confusing. The second act ends with a Court ball; grave and lively Elizabethan dances are included, together with the grotesque episode (which has a historical basis) of the Queen's dressing up in the over-gaudy robe of a lady of the court. It goes well, this scene; but the composer's reluctance to use the full power of his orchestra and the distance from our ears of the string band on the stage prevent the musical effect from equalling the visual magnificence.

The most emotional passage in the score occurs in the first scene of the last act, in which we witness Essex's wild intrusion into the Queen's dressing-room. After his departure, and the Queen's sad comprehension of the hopelessness of his character, her ladies complete her toilet to a lyrical passage of great beauty which bears some resemblance to the folding away of the linen in *Lucretia*. The abortive rebellion of Essex in the City is "covered" by a blind ballad singer in a somewhat American-sounding ditty, *à la* Burl Ives, to a thrummed accompaniment. This odd treatment is justified, perhaps, by the historical ineffectiveness of the rising; but, in the theatre, the apparent triviality of the episode makes a curious prelude to the solemnity of the final scene. After the pleading of the Essex party before the Queen and her signature of the Earl's death warrant, there follows a foreshortened vision of her last years which is the most imaginative feature of the libretto. The Queen stands in a gradually contracting pool of bright light. Out of the surrounding gloom come visitors, to whom she speaks some of those famous sentences which have come down to us, while the orchestra, playing with a grave and sonorous amplitude the second of the Lute Songs, shows that her mind is elsewhere. At the very end, still erect on her feet, the fantastic monarch is enveloped in complete darkness, while a solo violin modulates from the elegiac C minor of the Lute Song to the fresh D major of the "loyal" chorus, which is now distantly heard—"Green leaves are we, Red rose our golden Queen. . . ." It is a moving and poetic conclusion, which owes something, perhaps, to Lytton Strachey's account of another royal ending: ". . . and the trees and the grass at Kensington."

It was amusing, unexpected, and highly enjoyable to hear, earlier in the week, Rossini's *Elisabetta, Regina d'Inghilterra*. This Third Programme broadcast (to be repeated in the autumn) was a handsome Coronation gift, of outstanding technical quality, from Radio Italiana. Of the opera few people know more than the identity of its overture with that of the *Barber* and the unabashed, romantic invention of its plot, which is about the Queen's love for Leicester, who is secretly married to Matilda, who is disguised as a Scottish page . . . and so on. The villain is Norfolk, and the two noble tenors were dashingly sung by Giuseppe Campora and Antonio Pirino. Even with an Elisabetta (Maria Vitale) whose endowments can hardly equal those of the original Isabella Colbran, it was easy to see why this

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opera so enchanted the Neapolitans in 1815. Vocal scores, which frequently omit important lines of instrumental melody, convey little notion of the delicious sound of Rossini's vocal and orchestral layout. *Elisabetta* is anything but thin; there seemed at one moment to be four horns, and the writing for the woodwind is masterly throughout. The melodic spontaneity, the charm of the modulations and the surprising force of the accompanied recitatives convinced me once more that even his professed champions have underrated the pure musicality of Rossini's nature. One day there will be a Rossini revival comparable to the Verdi revival of today. Of course, we shall need better singers; but half a dozen as good as Lina Pagliughi (who sang Matilda) would be enough. Alfredo Simonetto drew splendid playing from his orchestra.

Of other events the most memorable were two masterpieces, Handel's *Zadok the Priest* (from the Coronation service) and Britten's *Spring Symphony* (a good performance given on the following evening at the Festival Hall under Sir Malcolm Sargent). It would need an essay to discuss the collection of unaccompanied part-songs, *A Garland for the Queen*, commissioned by the Arts Council and published by Stainer and Bell. Those that struck me most at a first hearing were the glittering Arthur Bliss-Henry Reed *Aubade* and the light and airy piece by Lennox Berkeley and Paul Dehn. In some of the others fine ideas were spoiled by over-elaboration. Or so I thought; but repetition might modify this impression. Brilliant performances by the Cambridge University Madrigal Society under Boris Ord.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

GAINSBOROUGH AT THE TATE

"IT is not enough for a painter to be a clever craftsman; he must love to 'caress' his canvas too," Renoir is reported to have pronounced. Gainsborough also was very fond of "caressing" canvases, never happier than when he felt that nothing, no stultifying plan, fell between the canvas and that blob of paint on the end of his brush. For him the transformation of reality into art consisted in the application of paint to surface, not in ideas. Between the potency and the existence fell no shadow. This makes him not so easy to write about. We hesitate to theorise about Gainsborough because he himself held no brief for theories. Instead we prefer to contemplate him. And like Constable in the presence of Gainsborough's landscapes, if we are creatures of sensibility and feel at home in his Arcadia, "we find tears in our eyes, and know not what brings them."

But I started out with a quotation from Renoir. And though I am well aware that any comparison between two artists of different ages and artistic cultures is bound to involve me in at least as much nonsense as sense, nevertheless these two artists do seem to me in some peculiar way linked. Whatever the purist may say, occasionally personality may cut across period. It is not simply that they shared a common ancestry in Rubens and Watteau; nor that both manifested an exquisite awareness (unsurpassed in the history of art) of the play of rich semi-transparent material over human flesh, and of light gently stroking a landscape; nor just that Gainsborough's *Diana and Actaeon* invites comparison with a Renoir *Baigneuses* of the 1900's; nor merely that the two artists combined conviviality with distaste for the glare of fame. I would go further and suggest that the actual quality of their touch, which was their feelings made visible, was similar. I realised this first when I stood two inches away from Gainsborough's portrait of Queen Charlotte, which had just been cleaned and was as fresh as the day on which it had been painted: there to my amazement I saw the familiar Renoir lips, the Renoir streakiness in the eyes, the Renoir caressing of cheek. I would have dated that face 1881. Since that day I have hoped that this wickedly unhistorical approach would give way to more sober judgment. I fear that the Gainsboroughs at the Tate, or at any rate those pictures in the exhibition, such as *The Three Princesses* in the Royal Collection, which by cleaning have lost the dead look of old masters, have only confirmed me in my earlier rash speculation.

There is a conflict in Gainsborough—which is perhaps only resolved towards the end of his life when he painted "fancy pictures" lovingly which turned out popular—between what he himself enjoyed doing and what was expected of him. In the eighteenth century it was the convention, taken absolutely for granted, that like a lawyer or a shipbuilder you produced what was required, you served a social class by your art just as you would in any other profession. This did not mean that you grew crafty or cynical. Reynolds, the most honourable of men, had no moral qualms about accommodating himself to a desired style or pose. But the formal commissioned portrait went against Gainsborough's, as it would have gone against Renoir's grain. If we examine his portraits in the early Bath period (1759 to about 1768) when he was out to make a name for himself, we are conscious of an incapacity, though a willingness, to do the right thing. Often the figures are stilted, frozen into set attitudes, without the saving grace of monumentality. In the following two decades (1768-1788), when he was old and famous enough to ride rather rough-shod over his sitters, he evolved an informal portrait style which suited him and had to suit them: these constitute, along with his earliest Ipswich portraits of men and women sitting in parks, his best work. Here we have the sensation that at any moment the sitter may move, swing one leg over the other, vault a stile or raise an oboe to his lips. The lady, we feel, is about to throw an arm around the waist of a child, as Mme Charpentier might in Renoir's entrancing portrait group. The young lovers out for their morning walk beneath the trees move with the grace and ease of Renoir's groups parading in the Champs-Elysées.

As is the case with Renoir, some of the most haunting portraits of Gainsborough's maturity are of his own children. The most famous is the one of his daughters pursuing butterflies in the National Gallery but the *Miss Gainsborough gleaning* in the Tate exhibition is as beautiful an example as any. Why haunting? Because they are private whims, painted for pleasure, left around in the studio. Like some of his late landscapes they have every appearance of being unfinished. There may be some straightforward explanation for this. But there is a possibility that like Renoir's they were, so to speak, complete in their incomplete state; that Gainsborough unerringly sensed that if further worked on they would lose their freshness and gain nothing. This idea of promoting a sketch to the status of a final statement is familiar enough from Jongkind and Boudin onwards, but is strange to encounter in the age of reason.

I have left myself too little space to comment on the "Pre-Impressionist" landscapes and portraits of the Ipswich period, so fully represented in the exhibition, first by examples where the influence of Ruisdael and Wynants predominate (the artists who fulfilled the same function in Gainsborough's youth as Corot and Courbet fulfilled in Renoir's), and later by the Saumarez, Louvre and Woburn landscapes where French artificiality usurps the place of Dutch naturalism. We are getting used to the idea that artists are at their most lyrical in early youth and in old age: the fact that we return again and again to the *Mr. and Mrs. Andrews* and to the *Morning Walk* shows that Gainsborough was no exception to this general rule.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

WATCH AND LISTEN

A DAY late for the festival, the critic must hurry off to hear the gossip. The general verdict among friends is that the Coronation has at last settled the argument over the future of sound and television—TV has triumphed decisively. The conclusion is less interesting than the reasons. The pundits do not argue that the new medium is a success only because it has brought the spectacle into one's room: the sound commentators, they say, were often guilty of the grossest slush. Being away, the only evidence I can put in is *A Week to Remember*, an anthology of the Tuesday programmes, broadcast later in the week. Some of this, it must be said, was crude. The reporter outside Buckingham Palace told us that "the sun is concentrated in that glorious gold of the coach" and even Mr. Howard Marshall, a more experienced hand, spoke of the Queen's "spring-time loveliness," "her radiant confidence": he also found that "there was about her something shining."

On the other hand those who did not take to the stratosphere were sensible and good and, by keeping to the facts, told us exactly what we wanted to hear. But it was the crowd who stole the show. As a rule these casual interviews on

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the air are both boring and pointless—"Well, er, you know . . . I mean . . ." It was different on Tuesday. Gratefully, one remembers the woman who was in such a paroxysm of happiness that she could only gurgle with laughter; the irrelevancies of the Newcastle visitor who talked about a "friend of mine from Whitley Bay"—a friend who never materialised, of course; and two mysterious girls from the West Indies, who sang, with great feeling, "Morning, noon and night is marmalade." This programme should have been better, but it certainly did not convince me that sound should put up the shutters and call in the undertaker.

Apart from the Tuesday it has been an exhausting week: sixty per cent of the programmes must have been, directly or indirectly, connected with the Coronation. Is it unfair to say that there was too much of everything? The massed ceremonies hurt the eye, the solemnity becomes tiresome or comic; even the hysterical laughter of the music-hall audiences brings on an attack of loncliness during these long days of hangover. For this reason the series on past Coronation years given by Mr. G. M. Young, Sir Llewellyn Woodward and Mr. Philip Toynbee was doubly welcome. Looking through Mr. Young's battered old telescope of 1902 one could see 1953 in a new perspective and against a background of country lawns, of placid nursemaids, of a middle-class that as a whole had no inkling of war and revolution. Mr. Young's was a sane wise talk. He did not make the mistake of grousing and saying how much better the old days were. He may regret the "security and stability" but he can also see through the pretty facade to the "sulky servility of hopeless poverty," and, in a sad and ageing voice, pay a tribute to the very different England of today.

Sir Llewellyn was equally good on 1911, speaking up like a man and in a style exactly suited to the period. But the best of the three was undoubtedly Mr. Toynbee. The rich catarrhal voice, the quavering song—these were touches that one had not expected in the donnish sterility that so often pervades the Third. Mr. Toynbee has that great gift—the capacity to see one's own absurdity. There were wonderful descriptions in this talk—the scene when, poshed up in tails, he appeared among the poor and oppressed, singing,

> On our flesh too long has fed the raven,
> We've too long been the vulture's prey.

Roaring out "Oh, Stalin's me darlin'," standing on the steps of the German Embassy and shouting, "Hitler Must Go"—all this makes a very funny picture. But it is also a faithful one. Mr. Toynbee is not one of those Communist apostates who continue to putrify within from bitterness and hatred. He can still defend his position in 1937, even though he has long become disillusioned with the Party. He can still recapture the old happiness—"that rare singing exaltation which comes from participating in a great social event."

HUGH MASSINGHAM

THE MOVIES

Coronation Films
"The Beggar's Opera," at the Rialto

Those who had on the day no stand seat or television squint can catch up now in the cinema. Both the Coronation films, Rank's *A Queen is Crowned* and Pathé's *Elizabeth is Queen*, provide lavish, not to say lush, views. The lushness seems to me mistimed. *After* the event we don't want to be stirred up for its coming; yet that's exactly what both these films are at pains to achieve. They assume an audience that was at the time in, say, Spitzbergen, and has come rushing back just too late for the Coronation itself. These thwarted enthusiasts must be put into the right, the English mood. So *A Queen is Crowned* starts with Sir Laurence Olivier reciting the *Richard II* speech about this sceptred isle, while we enjoy views of chalk cliffs, Windsor Great Park, girls riding horses in woodlands, Highland cattle knee-deep in streams, all on the brightest of June mornings. The weather kept up for *Elizabeth is Queen* too: in sunlight with his pearly turn-out the coster leaves Hampstead and the Guards parade, and instead of fervent Shakespeare we warm or wince to an old photographer turning over his album of Royal portraits. The sentimental cliché in both cases has got just a bit too thick, when there's a stir, a change of atmosphere, the sky darkens, and out comes the gold coach into Buckingham Palace yard.

A Queen is Crowned seizes this moment triumphantly: its coach, with near shots of the figuring and panels, crashes the eye like a fanfare. And in fact, employing the large screen to some purpose, it turns out to be the better film of the two. It takes in more, gets closer, shows its colours to more advantage. The lighting seems better indoors than out, and the ceremony offers a prolonged spectacle in which, should one tire of the central figures, one can follow the subsidiary: there always seems to be some bent, braided old dignitary in the foreground intent on pursuing his own evolutions. Then the pretty train-bearers, and the top-heavy peers, and the pages and the potentates, and the orchestra over the arch, and the rows upon rows of spectators piled up to the great coloured window! Nobody can complain of not getting his money's worth from *A Queen is Crowned* except that, out of the Abbey again, it manages to make uneventful going of the procession. However, Queen Salote and the rush to the Palace gates send us away happily glutted.

Olivier, voicing England in *A Queen is Crowned*, unexpectedly takes the screen as Macheath in *The Beggar's Opera*. This expunges the garlic from Gay's original, and adds its own mild relish of Fry and Bliss. Mr. Peter Brook directs. He can compose a very pretty group in Technicolor, cut a dance quickly, swell a progress, take a ballad galloping. There's quite a zest here; yet Mr. Brook never really tackles the problem of film opera. Song doesn't naturally bubble to the surface; how strained are many of the transitions from speech to music, in particular the first words trilled by a most charming Polly Peachum (Dorothy Tutin) rowing hard on the lake! Some of the actors (including Olivier and Stanley Holloway) sing their own words, others borrow voices well-versed in opera. The balladry is strained, as often the scene is posed. Yet this is at any rate a talented and hopeful English film, and Mr. Peter Brook, aged twenty-eight, has plenty of time to do better.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"British Life," at the New Burlington Galleries

The eccentricity of this show is itself characteristically British. Haphazard, apparently dull, amateur and yet implying the most detailed scholarship, lacking visual discretion but abounding in literary conceits, unfair in its description of our life during the last three centuries (the sports of Farmer Giles, The Rake's Progress and the Sunday School outing predominate) and yet with an endearing lack of smartness or "British Council" culturemongering, to wander about it is more like visiting a junk shop than an exhibition of works of art. There is the same sense of country houses having been sold up to supply the miscellany, the same fascination in investigating (with the help of the excellent catalogue) the local history of so many details, the same thrill to be had in discovering, amongst a hundred parochial curiosities, a dozen works of real talent and value, the same awareness that—at least during the nineteenth century—Britain was a country of passionate hobbies rather than of a culture. The obvious masterpieces are Wilkie's *Pitlessie Fair*—few painters have achieved so much at the age of nineteen—and Stanley Spencer's *Swan Upping*—why not a Spencer exhibition at the Tate? He is consistently under-estimated. Hogarth's *March to Finchley* is packed with vitality and genius but, by the highest standards, its impact is too piecemeal. My own favourite curiosities are John Souch's heraldic *Sir Thomas Aston at the Deathbed of his wife* in which Lady Aston is seen both as corpse and young woman, T. Smith's naive seventeenth-century view, half-landscape and half-plan, of Badminton: a canvas full of the choppy "North Sea" English light in contrast to the sturdy neatness of the house, stables, barns and kitchen-gardens of a well-run estate, Hubert Fugh's satirical *Gentleman's Toilette* and Godfrey Syke's *Smith's Shop*.

J. B.

"Ecoutez Bien Messieurs," at the Winter Garden

"*Or, il n'est pas d'ami que j'aime autant que le Public*"—M. Sacha Guitry exclaims ingratiatingly in a programme note. Certainly he uses us with the freedom of a very old friend on this occasion. He proffers a series of familiar card-tricks out of the old *théâtre de boulevard* pack. By now even the aces look a shade thumbed: those long randily mellow monologues on Life in its three main divisions (Woman, Love and the Theatre); those shrill altercations with the domestic undomesticated lady in the white evening wrap; the lumbering ruses instantly unmasked; and the endless stage business at the telephone—even with four intervals, it makes a long and rather creaky evening. Pious references to Sarah Bernhardt's photograph and the aged chestnut about Victor Hugo and his American obituary notice add little in the way of prestige. Nor, except for a luscious and appropriately strident leading lady (Mlle Lana Marconi), is M. Guitry well-supported. One must say firmly that Mlle Fusier-Gir's housekeeper and Miss Heather Thatcher's arch English mamma would both be judged over-emphatic for any pier-head rep. in the off-season. The decor is less suggestive of the Place de l'Etoile than the waiting-room of a high-class dental surgeon in one of the dimmer French provincial cities. Not a happy evening for the Francophile playgoer.

J. N. B. R.

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Correspondence

SUNDERLAND SOUTH

SIR,—As Labour Party Agent in a scattered rural constituency, I took a busman's holiday last month to see how a by-election was fought in industrial Sunderland. As I drove into the depressing outskirts of the town I thought to myself "we shall hold this all right." The thought crossed my mind—"there can't be more than 5,000 real Tory votes in the place." Every street bore the inevitable marks of years of neglect. Neglect caused not only by war but by years of poverty-stricken depression. The very people who walked the streets still looked depressed. Three days later we stood in the grim light of Garrison Field waiting for the result. Labour supporters were in good spirit. And then—on to the platform walked the Conservative giving the V sign. For a moment the crowd was stunned, and then angry pandemonium broke out. Nobody heard the result declared.

It was fantastic. Here was a town that had known the full effects of depression. A town in which wages even now are not very high. A town in which today many of the dockers are without work. Surely it was not possible that people living in this town had returned the Tory. Inquests on the Sunderland result will have been held all over the country. What is wrong in the Labour Party? Was it organisation? Was it lack of policy? Or just apathy?

The fairly low poll suggests that it was the latter, but local observers were assuming that, given a 70-75% poll and a Liberal vote of 2-3,000, Labour would hold the seat. As a rank outsider, I found it quite incredible that there was any doubt at all. Yet if I hadn't been looking for the election, it would have been possible to stay in Sunderland and hardly notice that an election was in progress. Some have suggested that Churchill's speech may have influenced the result; perhaps it did, a little, but not seriously. In fact, it was hard to discover what the election was about. The local paper suggested in its usual unbiased way that the Tories were fighting on the basis of their 18 months' solid and obvious achievements. Some Labour canvassers made play of the Food Minister's statement that we ate 53,000 tons less butter last year. The question of the issue of Post-war Credits arose on several occasions, but only served to emphasise the fact that most electors were only interested in surface problems and saw no depth at all to the conflict.

Sunderland should be a lesson to Transport House both politically and organisationally. I am still of the opinion that, if the election had been handled properly, it would be a Labour seat. In saying that, I cast no reflection on local organisers, who worked well. In a contest of the importance of Sunderland the best possible publicity should be devised. We know apathy is now our greatest enemy. If the local party had no publicity experts, then Transport House should have supplied them. Nobody tried to provide a platform on which the election could be fought. I gather that each M.P. who visited the election spoke and worked more or less according to his or her own ideas. There was no attempt to co-ordinate their efforts and so drive home a few coherent points. Lack of an inspiring policy was undoubtedly at the root of the defeat, but there must be much more to it than that.

As a full-time Party Agent I appreciate the very real difficulties of getting voluntary workers to operate in a tidy and efficient manner. But by-elections are special cases—marginal by-elections are very special cases. Sunderland came at a time when the Party was inclined to be depressed; the winning of Sunderland should have taken top priority. Instead it was just another by-election.

Labour must realise that, even with the best of policies, the means of expressing it is equally important. Our election organisation seems to have "just growed up" with the Party. It is time that it was overhauled and examined in a truly objective manner. There really must be something wrong with us to get beaten in a town like Sunderland. To the philosophers of the Party, Sunderland, I suppose, is just a passing phase to be noted. To the rank-and-file worker, Sunderland was a very bitter blow.

R. G. BELLCHAMBERS

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B.B.C. ECONOMIES

SIR,—With the prospect of commercial television looming on the horizon, it was clear that the attacks upon the B.B.C.'s revenue would soon begin; but it was not to be expected that the first salvo would be so wide of the mark as Mr. Brierley's. To take only one of his mis-statements (the refutation of which would be tedious *in toto*), his comparison of the B.B.C.'s television staff of 1,500 producing five hours of programmes a day with the U.S. station of 120 telecasting 12 hours of programmes a day is a false one. The staff of the U.S. station is one of a large network and for the most part is only relaying material produced either in the network's central studios or in commercial studios devoted to the production of films for television. As far as I know, no figures exist for the total staffs employed in producing American television material, but there is no doubt that it is very many times greater than the total B.B.C. television staff, as one would expect.

I think that I am voicing the opinion of the Radio-writers' Association, of which I am the Chairman, when I say that B.B.C. producers seem to be very overworked and rather poorly paid for a highly skilled job; that, as a corporation, the B.B.C. appears to us to be an extremely efficient organisation producing a very wide variety of programmes on a very small budget. It is the smallness of this budget about which we complain, since it means that all artists working for the B.B.C. are underpaid. In the words of Peter Ustinov, "the B.B.C. is the most highly subsidised industry in the world—subsidised by the people who work for it."

I suggest that there is no case for reducing the amount of radio licences, but that there is a very strong case for the Treasury to restore to the B.B.C. the 15% of licence revenue which it steals annually. Only so will the B.B.C. be able to stand up to commercial competition.

May I add that the idea that commercial television will cost the public nothing is illusory, since every penny spent by commercial sponsors will be paid for by the public in higher costs? The discriminating consumer will make a point of not buying the products of the most lavish sponsors—though viewing his programmes—since it will be clear that if the sponsor can provide him with such excellent entertainment, he will no longer be able to give him value for money in his product.

A. CALDER-MARSHALL

EGYPT

SIR,—You express the true feeling of Egypt when you state that the real problem is: "Are the British to evacuate?" Egyptians wonder whether enough thought has been given to the problematic value of the Canal base against a hostile nation of twenty millions. If decisions have been based on uncertainty about the real feelings of the Egyptians on the subject, their sources must have been grossly misinformed. The real fact is that social, economic and psychological forces, operating in the East since the beginning of the present century and activated by the reactions of two world wars, have created amongst the peoples of these countries a state of mind that will not tolerate any foreign domination of any kind.

It is a great pity that the new social revolution now going on in Egypt has not received the full attention of Socialists in Britain. The fact that it has been started through a military *coup d'état* does not hide the facts of the situation, since nations differ in the means of liberating themselves. This revolution is ending a corrupt and semi-feudal society, and attempting to build up a new one, based on social justice. It is striving very hard to develop new sources of income by speeding up land reclamation and developing industry. It is not in the interest of Britain or the West that this growing national consciousness should tend to consider that the British attitude is based on the wishful idea of bringing the old regime back to life again. It seems that Sir Winston Churchill never gave a thought to this in his statements in the Commons. I want to assure you that the days are over when a statement of a European premier or the despatch of a cruiser shook the peoples of Egypt. The West lost China by backing the wrong horse, and they may lose Egypt by backing the wrong cause.

Cairo. W. S. H.

ROYAL CARNIVAL

SIR,—The legend—"The Queen: God Bless Her!"—was hung across a cul-de-sac of servile houses that seemed to be touching their caps and knowing their places. They recalled the serving-women who lament the present and sentimentally remember a past when gentlemen were gentlemen. The "poor folk," however, had deserted their little street, and stood, figuratively, with their noses pressed to the window, watching the splendour within. And the good-humoured Welshman whose car was besieged remarked acidly: "I was caught in a throng of 50,000 morons. . . ."

Faced with the glitter and the glory, your periodical, too, let down its hair and relished the fun and games. But what business has such a journal to feel thrilled when a supercilious aristocrat tosses a wave at the crowd? Does it, despite its intelligence, still yearn for the atmosphere of great houses and tiaras? Is its Socialism merely a pose, a belligerent attitude? And does it, beneath this, still harbour the old Victorian working-class attitude of cap-touching servility? Reading Mr. Kingsley Martin's eve-of-Coronation thoughts, I was pointedly reminded of the Labour politician whom Shaw so brilliantly guyed in *The Applecart*.

Next time the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is tempted to scoff at the Russians' banner-waving adulation of a Stalin or a Malenkov, let it re-read its own muffled-royalist lucubrations. That this journal, connected with some of the most uncompromising names in British Socialism (including G.B.S.), wrote about the Coronation as it did, was one of the saddest sights of all. It was as though its hard, revolutionary heart had been melted by all the banners and bunting; as though the gentle smile of a cultivated nobleman had made it see that all these wonderful people could never be "swep' away." The NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, very superior,

didn't yell "Gawd save the Queen": it rubbed its hands and cried "What fun!" For, after all, how can we compare the carbolic atmosphere, the tractor-ridden, power-station atmosphere of Socialism with this splendour, this magnificence, this flashing finery? Incomparable! And how dull life would be without ermine-trimmed duchesses. . . .

May one cliché-battered reader, therefore, register his belief that the Coronation was no more than a beautifully staged but totally irrelevant piece of theatricality? And that if the weak-faced, arrogant little boys who carried coronets in the Abbey are the inheritors of the earth, we are in for a sad, sad future.

GERALD LEWIS

SIR,—Critic's catty remarks on the Coronation run true to form. He tells us of villagers who found the Communion Service "a bore," and a sophisticated young woman who thought "the religion repulsive." Fair enough—but not good enough. We sense Critic's approval, even a covert snigger; we make allowance for the bias of a sentimental rationalist; we expect him to throw a spotlight on the parts of the Coronation Ceremony that get his goat. But these parts, the history and the mystery, are the core of it, not appendices to be excised with new statesmanlike surgery. Cut out the Church and the Court, and what is left? Apparently all that Critic would like is a class-conscious crowning in a registry office.

No, Sir! Our village was not of Critic's opinion. We rejoice in our sophisticated young women and hard-boiled lads. But the TV crowd of them, if not fully aware that the Ceremony is sacramental, at least showed, by their behaviour and whispered comments, that it is sacred. We have a church in this village—and even a few churchgoers.

Letcombe Regis, Berks. ROGER CHANCE

SIR,—Does Kingsley Martin really believe that "almost every woman in the country subconsciously identifies herself with the Queen," as he states in his article entitled "The Royal Carnival"?

Out of my small acquaintance I can think of half a dozen women who hardly ever give the Queen a thought—they are much too fully occupied in looking after a family or earning a living to indulge in absurd daydreams. And as for a husband paying homage being the supreme fulfilment of feminine desire, surely I am not the only woman in Britain to find the whole idea ludicrous?

Liverpool, 22. WINIFRED E. COLLINS

GOVERNMENT TRAINING CENTRES

SIR,—For the last five months I have been at the Bristol Training Centre, and my impressions are quite different from those described in Mr. K. L. Dowson's article. Individual grouses are very rare; the only general, and usually reluctant one, is the need to get out to earn more money.

There is no petty discipline, just enough to live an organised life; the food is excellent and all the staff are helpful and friendly.

Compared to the rigid discipline, the insecurity and the drive for profits, of my industrial experience, this Centre is certainly "a new chapter in industrial relations," and with worker-control of production could be a model for Britain's socialised industry of the future.

E. J. LITTLE

BOOTLAND

SIR,—It is indeed agreeable to see Mr. Duerden achieving, in your columns, the pigeon-holing of a social class frequently attempted, with exactly opposite political bias, by the numerous Bootland gossip columnists of the Right-wing Press. As a very new resident of one of Bootland's proudest strongholds (in dormitory Buckinghamshire), I have been privileged, during recent months, to make a close observation of the Bootlander in his home territory, and particularly on his way to work. If space permitted, therefore, I should derive considerable enjoyment from embroidering at length on Mr. Duerden's admirable existing tapestry—in describing the First Class coteries on the not-too-early morning trains into Marylebone; the "reserved" seats for the less prosperous Bootlanders still obliged to travel Third Class; the understanding with the ticket-collector which effects an unscrutinised passage through the barrier in the evening; and, not least of all, the major problem in journey-to-work created by the Bootland children, who travel anything up to ten miles for their schooling.

But Mr. Duerden appears uncertain as to the source of Bootland's self-perpetuating strength, and here I believe I can give him his answer.

The fact is that the Bootlander is Having a Good Time; and I feel that perhaps too little cognisance is generally taken of the toil and self-sacrifice, the Further Education and zealous business-study, which so many people will endure with this—the life of luxury—as the true aim, and of the tenacity with which they will defend their prize, once it is theirs.

Amersham, Bucks. ALAN H. WALKDEN

GENERAL GORDON

SIR,—Mr. Partridge really should not accuse my wife and me of heartlessness because his sense of humour differs from ours. We admire and are fond of General Gordon—that is why we chose to write a biography of him.

Mr. Partridge ends with an interesting—and significant—paragraph. He compares Gordon with T. E. Lawrence and asks—Would anyone think of treating Lawrence as we have treated Gordon? To that we answer with united voice—Yes, we would. And in our opinion the sooner someone writes such a book the better.

I said that Mr. Partridge's comparison of the two men was significant. Lawrence was like Gordon, as he says. But the likeness does not end there. A Lawrence cult arose after his death just as a Gordon cult arose after Khartoum. The Lawrence cult is still, unfortunately, in full swing. Like the Gordon cult—like all cults—it is morbid and unhealthy. And love, in fact, is unhealthy without laughter. It is not incompatible with it as Mr. Partridge suggests, but the exact reverse—it is essential. And that—as most of our readers have had the perception to see—is why we wrote our biography of Gordon as we did.

LAWRENCE HANSON

Tourrettes-sur-Loup, Alpes Maritimes.

GIDE

SIR,—In his review of my translation of André Gide's *Paludes* and *Le Prométhée Mal Enchaîné*, Mr. J. D. Scott was perceptive about Gide and generous to myself; but he raised a few points which seem worth clearing up, for Gide's and the publishers' sakes. He rightly feels it essential that bibliographical information about the first editions of the original works should be provided. This is, however, to be found, in the present as in every other volume of the publishers' Standard Edition of Gide, in the conventional place—on the back of the titlepage—and it was of course from the first editions thus specified that both works were translated. This explains why the translation contains material absent from Mr. Scott's more recent copies of the original, such as the sub-title to *Paludes*, and the "Reflections" that follow the *Promethée*. There are also several little incidents in the *Promethée*, e.g., "'Told you so!' said the waiter," and the drinking of the Eagle's health, which appear too amusing and appropriate in their context to have been omitted intentionally. In the absence of any expressed intention on Gide's part, it seemed best to follow the text of the first editions, and hope he would have been pleased to see it again.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

HEGEL

SIR,—I am engaged in a complete critical edition of the works of the philosopher, Hegel, which is to comprise 32 volumes. In order to ensure that this edition will be as comprehensive as possible, I venture to ask for the assistance of your readers.

I should be most grateful for the communication of any manuscripts of lecture notes, letters to and from Hegel, and other sources hitherto unpublished or faultily published. All material thus kindly lent (in the original or photocopies) will be carefully treated and promptly returned, and due acknowledgement will be made.

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Books in General

*Nothing for Tears** is an account of how the fall of Berlin and the flooding in of the Russians seemed to a distinguished German couple who stayed on in their manor house outside the capital and stood by their treasures, their servants and the village that depended on them. The experience was appalling, for the Russian troops, like most troops at the point of triumphant vengeance, were often out of control. After the first orgy of rape and loot, there was respite and then a slow deterioration in the couple's situation. Freddy Horstmann, who had been a diplomat—he had retired in 1933 because he hated the Nazis—was eventually taken off to a concentration camp. His crime appeared to lie in his international acquaintance in France and England, but he was never charged nor ever, as it seems, much questioned. He was just forgotten. He died of starvation.

Madame Horstmann got away. She had seen enough of horror, fear and betrayal. It is she who has written this natural, personal narrative and it reveals a spirit of integrity which can rise beyond self-pity or hatred. If she had been in the privileged situation of the detached reporter, if she had written hearsay, she might very well have aroused in the reader the hysteria, the appetite for revenge, the terrified despair which occur to us when we see the disgusting events of the last fifteen years at one remove, and when our imagination is paralysed by them. But Madame Horstmann was a participant and victim, and just as soldiers feel less hate than civilians, so she has a better hold of herself than the *hypocrite lecteur* may have. She has lived a tragic experience, and from having lived it, has derived the power to recover. The tragedy brought with it its own purgation.

In his introduction to this book, Sir Harold Nicolson gives an accomplished portrait of the Horstmanns. He had known them for years. They were rich. Horstmann was an intellectual, a connoisseur of pictures and collector of rare works of art, a worshipper of the "spoils of Poynton." A liberal, he hated the Nazis politically, despised them socially, and fortified himself in his ivory tower. He devoted himself to his beautiful things, determined to squeeze the last drop of pleasure from æsthetic contemplation. He was an artist by nature—selfish, absorbed, obstinate. He had a pettish scorn for reality. Told that the Russians were about to burst in, he had the most valuable eighteenth-century curtains hung in the rooms and made the house more elegant. He relied on treating the Russians disdainfully *en grand seigneur*, and the policy worked up to a point. The refusal to face reality was courageous; it was also foolish and egotistical. He exposed himself carelessly but, in doing so, recklessly exposed more vulnerable people, his wife and household. Madame Horstmann was twenty years younger than he and, as a woman, had everything to fear; but by practical and spirited boldness, stoicism, graciousness and cunning, she managed to survive. She had loyal servants. She had the capacity to be curious about experience.

The Russians, she found, were incalculable. Of one Russian tank officer she asked if he would protect their more precious things that had survived several wars already. He replied:

> "Houses have been destroyed all over the Ukraine where I come from. I have lost all trace of my wife and children. I know only that they took flight from our village when my parents' house, where I was born, went up in flames. Why should I spare anyone or anything here? Thank Hitler and Ribbentrop for it."
>
> Then he continued telling me of his suffering and how his own unhappiness made him understand my fears. . . . He took my hand: "You must leave, but I give you my word to protect your house."

When they were drunken and dangerous the Russians resented fear on the part of the inhabitants. To fear the Russians was to insult them with the accusation that they did not know how to behave. ("I had a German soldier in my house for two years and we were like brothers.") Others contemplated the high material civilisation of Germany and cried "Poor Russia." Others said "If only we had got rid of Hitler and Stalin before, this would never have happened." Some were fine men, some were murderous brutes, most were simple children. The first Russian wave was terrified of the second Russian wave whom they called "Asiatics" and the word Asiatic (as we know from Gorki) is to the Russians what the word "nigger" is to Dr. Malan. There is a vivid portrait of a Russian schoolteacher. He came to the house and first of all greedily examined everyone's wrists for watches and turned out everyone's pockets. Then he sat down and played the harmonium wonderfully well. His musical talent did not prevent him from going off with a gang that night to wreck furniture in several houses. Fascinated by the manor, he returned and denounced the misery of the Russian masses. His changes of mood and morals was Dostoevskian. "Only the men at the top have everything, we nothing." He described with emotion how in his province the whole peasant population had been deported to another part of Russia and he said he would never forget the cries of misery he had heard at the time. The next day he went to the German villages and said the Horstmanns were landowners and ought to be exterminated "as we have done in Russia." He had left the Horstmanns with smiles and good wishes; now he wanted them to be killed. Clearly he had the Russian "broadness."

The Russians behaved, basically, as all soldiers do. The German population behaved just as people do when all social restraints have gone. They, too, looted the manor. They betrayed each other. Men offered to sell their wives to the soldiers in exchange for food. One young woman dressed herself in a transparent nightgown and incited the soldiers to rape her. Deeply shocked, they refused. Willing women (they said) were unclean. Through the early days a young pair of lovers, a Frenchman and a German girl, created a charmed cocoon of romance in which they lived quite untouched by the events going on around. Exalted by their love, they noticed nothing else. A German doctor found himself arrested by a Russian troop and taken from one astonished officer to the next. They gazed at him with consternation and got him at last to their Commandant. The two gaped at each other: they were physical doubles. Again, as if enacting a scene from Dostoevsky, the Commandant jumped up and hugged the doctor, exclaiming, "God sent you to me, brother." After stealing—remorse: some of the Germans who had stolen from the manor reappeared and gave back the stolen goods. On the other hand, many of the peasants used their new political power to blackmail the Horstmanns. Give us so many raspberry bushes, so much garden, so many animals, and we will not denounce you.

Throughout this period of anarchy Horstmann himself behaved intransigeantly. He refused to have his meals or his sleep disturbed. He indignantly reproved all signs of cowardice. He asserted that terrible things "do not happen." He stressed the duty of hanging on. He fussed about his health. One day he gave detailed orders for his funeral:

> Ask the clergyman to hold the service in the library. The bright light and gilt panelling will keep the ceremony from being too gloomy. Place my Baroque ivory figure of Christ on the coffin which you must not forget to cover with the large piece of red velvet.

It is fantastic, comical, petty, yet also very fine. Who says the æsthetes are not tough? But what about the sense of reality? There is more than one kind of reality. This, Horstmann was never tired of snapping out, is an age of transition.

From day to day Madame Horstmann sketches in their life. Calm follows violence, uneasiness follows calm. Erratic but buoyant Madame Horstmann contrived her days and speculated upon her experience. The conquest had had its savagery, but also its periods of decency: the revolution awoke milder but scarcely more attractive traits in the population. The German mayor was filling his pockets:

> People's curious stares mocked at our defencelessness in a mixture of pity and greed. Villagers and refugees came every day with rapacious demands for our furniture, bed clothes or cooking utensils. They asked for more, far more than we owned, saying under their breath, "When you are forced to leave you will be able to take nothing with you," or more menacingly, "We will see to it that the Russians come and fetch it for us."

"A mixture of pity and greed"—how exact those words are. How well they define what happens when anarchy breaks out. But what, Madame Horstmann asked, was one to make of this experience? She read James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist*, she listened when they were driven out of the manor to a refugee who had worked in the French Resistance and had only just escaped from a concentration camp. He had been a prisoner from the age of 19 to the age of 23. He showed no signs of bitterness or obsession after his experiences, and Madame Horstmann reproached him for his lack of moral indignation. She argued that one was indeed morally obliged to accept the inevitable with calm, but one must never respond to cruelty without opposition or inner revolt. He said, with exaltation, that violence was the essence of our time. Millions had suffered.

* *Nothing for Tears*. By LALI HORSTMANN. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 15s.

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Millions had been displaced. They would never become rooted again. He spoke of "the rapture of moving on." The only solid thing in a fluid, meaningless world was oneself. Existentialism has its own Ivory Towers.

Certainly Madame Horstmann's experience confirmed the experience of this young man, who mocked her for "clinging to the shore" and not letting herself go with the tide. One night she was reading Sartre—the reading was interrupted by a terrifying incident during which soldiers forced her to go outside and tried to drag her off into their cart; she escaped into a cemetery—and her conclusion about Sartre was that his pessimism is:

> a message of yesterday . . . The survivors discovered to their surprise not only that infinitely more had been left standing than they had been led to expect, but that in fact everything essential was indestructible. The constant possibility of dying had awoken in them a conscious sense of life that was independent of circumstances.

In the French Revolution, she reflected, balls were held and theatres filled during the cruellest period of the Terror.

> It is foolish [she goes on] to assume that people are capable of brooding ceaselessly on their terrible fate, or can be endlessly absorbed in compassion for the misfortunes of others. One forgets that the necessity for food, for protection against heat and cold, for pleasure as a diversion from tension, are part of the eternal rhythm of day and night. Each moment has its specific demand, and those involved in tragedy realise their fate less than people watching from afar.

The book contains, at the beginning, a brilliant picture of the scenes in Berlin when the collapse, which liberals had long hoped for, approached. It shocked her at the end that the Russians were vastly more sympathetic to the Nazis than to the liberal opponents of the Nazis. We, too, may deplore that, but revolutionaries and "counter-revolutionaries understand each other, like enemy soldiers. The Horstmanns were not defeated in 1946; they were done for in 1933. Certainly it is impossible successfully to oppose a regime with the negligent weapons of distaste. Horstmann's distaste, and that of many educated men like him, simply led to retirement into a private world and let in the flood around it. It was a betrayal. Yet one can say this of the private world: it supplied the Horstmanns with a coolness and personal courage which are remarkable. The emotional conception of the unknown political prisoner dissolves into unrevealing rhetoric when we are confronted with the precise figure of an aberrant political prisoner who can be known. In tragedy human beings are all separate, and are as much sustained by the force of their own separateness as by things that unite them to others.

V. S. PRITCHETT

IN THE MIRROR

Laying her loves on the broad back of time
This woman Lais,
Stringing old names along a demi-rhyme,
Remembers, and with cause,
All those that trod the track
Between threshold and dais:
On time's broad back laying her load of straws
Waits for the bone to crack.

NAOMI MITCHISON

NEW LIGHT ON DE SADE?

Must We Burn de Sade? By SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR. Translated by ANNETTE MICHELSON. *Peter Nevill.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

The Life and Ideas of the Marquis de Sade. By GEOFFREY GORER. *Peter Owen.* 15*s.*

The fortune of the Marquis de Sade has been various enough since his death in the lunatic asylum at Charenton in 1814. For writers of the nineteenth century, from Baudelaire to Flaubert and Swinburne, he stood for the reality behind the carnival mask of Romantic satanism—a reassurance that it was modelled on a human face and was not merely something out of the old Gothick property-chest. A little later Krafft-Ebing, cataloguing sexual deviations in a spirit not certainly more scientific than de Sade had done (with equal comprehensiveness), ninety years before, coined the term sadism to associate sexual enjoyment with the active infliction of pain. Henceforth de Sade was identified with sadism in this restricted sense, though to do him justice he should have been credited with bringing into the open the whole pain-pleasure relationship, including its passive manifestation in masochism and extending to fields where sex is not directly in question. The twentieth century, beginning with Apollinaire and the surrealists, valued him for the mysterious and free associations they discovered in his Kafka-like universe. All this against the steadily selling background of his pornographic appeal. Whether that is the root or the almost irrelevant flower is a question not entirely settled by either of these two books.

Mlle de Beauvoir subjects de Sade to the existentialist analysis and he passes her scrutiny with far more credit than poor, half-hearted Baudelaire passed M. Sartre's a few years ago. Her reading of de Sade is that, having discovered at an early age that his erotic tastes were regarded by society as criminal, he determined to break free and establish his own "ethic of authenticity." But society was not the only enemy. In his peculiar philosophy, Man, once launched, could exist independently of Nature. Nature was evil. To avoid complicity with "her," it was necessary for de Sade to become evil by his own deliberate act (evil because virtue is hypocrisy). "One must *make oneself* a criminal in order to avoid *being* evil, as is a volcano or a member of the police. It is not a matter of submitting to the universe, but of imitating it in open defiance." This de Sade achieved. He "chose cruelty rather than indifference," avoided any contamination from the acquiescent *salauds* condemned by M. Sartre, and qualified for a high place in the existentialist Pantheon.

The reflection which occurs here is that if Nature can be personified even to the extent of being called an evil force, she must, after all, have enjoyed a sly laugh up her determinist sleeve. If she cannot, what did de Sade's "free act" assert his freedom from? It may be that he does not really carry the particular message which Mlle de Beauvoir finds in him, and which she presents as the chief reason for writing this short study. Apart from that, however, she has written a brilliant essay in sexual psychology, which has been well translated and is worth reading for its dialectical virtuosity alone. Whether hers is at all the real de Sade is at present an unanswerable question, though it may become clearer when all the new material which the family made available after the war to M. Gilbert Lély has been sifted and published. Until his findings are complete, any assessment of the man must be largely guesswork. Most of his acts are known, but not his motives.

He belonged to a powerful southern French family in whose pedigree figured the woman who was traditionally the Laura of Petrarch. He married a wife who bore him three healthy children and remained devoted to him for many years until a legal separation was forced on her by her family. The "sadistic" acts which brought him into conflict with the law and the Church, were a case of flagellation and another of mutual flagellation involving a group. In the second case an offer of emetic sweets by de Sade led to a charge of poisoning (though the "victims" quickly recovered) and hence to a death sentence from which he escaped and which was later remitted. He was clearly an active and obnoxious libertine of a type not uncommon among the aimless aristocracy of his day, but he practised none of the more extreme cruelties associated with his name. At the age of thirty-seven, his wife's mother, who was his implacable enemy, caused him to be shut up for twelve years in various prisons, including the Bastille. He was released during the Revolution and presided over one of the Paris sectional committees, but with such moderation (he was opposed on principle to the death penalty), that he was arrested as politically suspect under the Terror. After another spell of uneasy liberty, he was again imprisoned for a political libel on Napoleon and thence drifted almost willingly into Charenton. His doctors refused to describe him as mad in any ordinary sense. He organised theatricals in the asylum and wrote a verse address of welcome to a visiting archbishop before dying at the decent age of seventy-four.

Though his more typical writings were mostly composed during his twenty-seven years as prisoner or lunatic, the easy explanation that they were merely compensations for his sexual deprivation will hardly do. Mr. Gorer's nicely balanced study makes this clear. Though it is a revision and expansion of a book first issued twenty years ago, there is still no better introduction to de Sade for the serious reader. He corrects by implication some of Mlle de Beauvoir's conclusions by pointing out that some of de Sade's most violent statements were uttered by his villains, not his heroes. Such is the famous: "To put out the sun, or to use it to set the world ablaze—these would be crimes indeed!" His books bulge with "philosophy" and, like other eighteenth-century writers, he can be made to yield some remarkable anticipations. But I cannot feel that his originality in any field but sexual psychology is established, or that he did more than state, in extreme and sometimes absurd form, the ideas he found in the Bible, the Encyclopædists, Voltaire, Rousseau, Marmontel, Choderlos de Laclos. Carrying Marivaux into real life, he even changed names and places with his valet. For a chaotic epitome of the whole of eighteenth-century thought, de Sade is the man. But he is not easy reading. He averaged four thousand words in an evening, and the results are as though Richardson, Diderot and Zola had collaborated in re-writing *Candide* in eight volumes.

GEOFFREY BRERETON

THE MARXIST DEMOCRAT

The Dilemma of Democratic Socialism: Eduard Bernstein's Challenge to Marx. By PETER GAY. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

No Socialist party has ever solved the problem of combining the practice of parliamentary democracy with the theory of Marxism, and indeed it is unlikely that it can be solved. But from time to time a political leader—a Jaurès or a Léon Blum—becomes sufficiently worried by the dishonesty of repeating Marxist slogans while following liberal policies to provoke a discussion of the presuppositions of Social Democracy. The most notable of such attempts was that of Eduard Bernstein at the turn of the century.

Bernstein has been neglected by historians—the interminable theoretical controversies of fifty years ago make heavy reading today—but he was a man of considerable intelligence and honesty, who was forced by these qualities to consider the nature of Marx's theory when applied to the high capitalism of pre-1914 Germany and the political needs of a mass political party. Dr. Peter Gay of Columbia University has produced an important and interesting study of Bernstein and his doctrines based on hard work on the files of *Neue Zeit* and the *Sozialistische Monatshefte* and other periodicals, as well as on

Bernstein's private papers now in the Institute for Social History in Amsterdam. His book is, like so many American books on similar subjects, only marred by its prose style; phrases like "heavy industry spearheaded German expansion" surely cannot be good American, let alone good English.

Bernstein grew up with the German Social Democratic Party; he edited its paper in the illegal years of the 1880s, he became its most controversial figure with the publication of his "Presuppositions of Socialism" in 1899, and he died at the end of 1932 on the eve of the Party's extinction. Most of his early career had been spent abroad, in Switzerland, and, above all, in England, where the atmosphere, in the days when the Fabian Society was still unattached to any political party, was very different from that of the discipline and orthodoxy that Bebel and his associates were instilling into the German Social Democrats. Bernstein never freed himself from the disadvantage of being called pro-English by other German socialists, particularly when he dared to suggest after 1918 that Germany had not been without responsibility for the war.

Yet he was far from Fabian in his approach to politics. As a Marxist he felt the need for a complete theoretical justification of his political beliefs; but he was enough of an empiricist to see that Marx's predictions were being increasingly proved to be false. By the end of the nineteenth century it was clear that the German socialist party was in fact becoming a "reformist" party working for immediate improvements in the workers' lot, and, up to a point, playing the parliamentary game. The party leaders were prepared to do this, while reiterating at each party congress their belief in Marx's and Engels' sacred texts. They and their successors were ready to support a German government in the War, and afterwards establish a bourgeois democracy without at all changing their theory. But Bernstein was worried by the intellectual inconsistencies involved as well as by the practical difficulties. He proceeded, therefore, to develop a complete economic, political and philosophical system that would show where Marx was wrong without abandoning all Marx's principles entirely. Dr. Gay expounds his beliefs clearly and shows up their many weaknesses and confusions without ever losing sympathy with Bernstein's aims. Indeed, even if the system was not always intellectually satisfactory, it at least provided an honest attempt to get away from a doctrine that was inhibiting effective parliamentary action without encouraging revolution. The disadvantage of the position was that once "revisionism" was expressed in theoretical terms, a doctrinal quarrel immediately arose in the party, the very bitterness of which made more difficult the transition to the kind of policies Bernstein supported. As an old political hand once wrote to him "My dear Ede, one doesn't pass resolutions about what you want, one doesn't even talk about it. One does it."

Dr. Gay raises the question of whether in fact even a party more ready to make compromises with other groups in the hope of winning effective constitutional reforms could have succeeded in the Wilhelmine empire. Bernstein himself seems to have had moments of doubt about it. Yet the limitations on practical political action imposed by Marxist dogma gave the German Socialists the excuse for not trying serious reformist tactics until 1918. Worse still, Marxism gave theoretical justification for the imposition of inappropriate standards of political behaviour on other socialist parties, as when the Germans, at the 1904 Congress of the International, forced the reluctant French to accept the principle of non-collaboration with bourgeois parties. When this principle was abandoned by the Germans in the Weimar Republic, it was already too late. Bernstein's slogan "the goal is nothing, the movement everything" could be used to justify the maintenance of an enormous and rigid party apparatus whose preservation became the main aim of socialist political action; and one cannot help feeling that the post-1945 party suffers from the same defects.

There are still, among the very small number of intellectuals in the German Social Democratic Party, people who try to follow Bernstein's theoretical tradition, in which Kant replaces Hegel and materialism is modified by ethics. But it is perhaps not clear that this necessarily leads to socialist rather than liberal democracy; and the practical politician will find the rough-and-ready utilitarianism of the English political tradition a more satisfactory guide. Marx and liberalism, Hegel and utilitarianism cannot be reconciled, and Bernstein was no more satisfactory than Laski in trying to produce an eclectic theory of democratic socialism based on a modified Marxism. Dr. Gay's book, among its other merits, provokes us to ask the question "Must social democracy have a theory at all?"

JAMES JOLL.

NEW NOVELS

Love Among the Ruins. By EVELYN WAUGH. *Chapman & Hall.* 6s.
My Mother's House. By COLETTE. *Secker & Warburg.* 12s. 6d.
Videhi. By C. L. HOLDEN. *Macmillan.* 15s.
The Hill of Howth. By L. A. G. STRONG. *Methuen.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Evelyn Waugh doles out the treats with an ever more sparing hand: in fact, he may soon be too busy producing Literature to indulge us again. No one says more in a page than he, it is true, but this new ration of fifty-one pages is really too meagre. Toiling on through the sands of contemporary fiction, we come on what we hoped was a pool and find it a saucer of rain. We must not be ungrateful, parched as we are, but nor can we feel content.

The story is of a pyromaniac and a bearded lady, and their strange abortive romance. Mr. Waugh retains his gift for conveying the poignance of disappointed love in the fewest, most colourless words and it is difficult to read his account of the beard's removal without emotion. His main theme, however, is the Welfare State; his attitude to it, what we expect. Wit crackles drily on every page. The Director of Euthanasia, something of a Blimp, remarks: "My father and mother hanged themselves in their own backyard with their own clothes line. Now no one will lift a finger to help himself. There's something wrong in the system, Plastic."

Mr. Waugh's irreverent genius spends itself in the service of authority, tradition and privilege. It is rumoured that he is a Catholic, but his contempt for the lowly ones of the earth would appear to belie this; and, as we read, we cannot help wondering if a vulgar accent would not grieve him as much as a mortal sin. His irony loses its edge because it is employed in support of prejudice as well as of conviction: his lash falls on innocent and guilty alike. Therein, as it seems to me, lies a weakness: the only one, in his comic writings, that I ever could find.

Mme Colette has suffered, as less deserving writers have suffered, from the uncritical enthusiasm of fans. By this is not meant that they have offended her in her artist's humility, for the view she takes of her gift is robust. "Nowadays I am wise enough," she can write, "and proud enough too, to distinguish what in me is my father's lyricism, and what my mother's humour and spontaneity, all mingled and superimposed; and to rejoice in a dichotomy in which there is nothing and no one to blush for on either side." What they quite simply have done is, by their outbursts, to put people off: or to expose their idol to the irritation of those who find her work not all it was cracked up to be.

The introduction by Mr. Roger Senhouse to the present volume, then, should be read last if at all; for even if the book cannot bear the weight of his adjectives, it still gives a great deal of pleasure. It is in the first place a portrait of the writer's mother Sido, built up through a collection of fragments into an engaging whole; but there are also descriptions of the rest of the family and the place where her childhood was spent. The account she gives of her parents' skirmishes are wholly delightful, and there is a touching story to show how much Sido was loved by her cranky husband. After his death a dozen or so bound volumes in the library, all solemnly titled by him and believed by the family to enshrine the cream of his thought, were opened, revealing that every page was blank save the first, which dedicated the *opus* to her.

Mme Colette is entirely at home with the physical, with touch, sight, feel and smell. In painting the natural world her pen often takes wing, faced with intangibles it is apt to wander away down a purple passage. At times a sense of the shaping hand on the material becomes rather strong. Her zest for life, her mischief and her earthiness, however, she communicates splendidly.

Videhi is a most interesting novel of Indian life. The heroine is the daughter of orthodox Hindu parents who, following their custom, arrange a marriage for her when she is sixteen. They are poor, with younger daughters to marry off: the bridegroom is a relation, kind, young and rich: Videhi believes it her duty to accept. But when the ceremonies are over and she has gone to her father-in-law's house, the prospect of marriage without love is too much for her. She returns home at once, preferring disgrace and her father's wrath. Her mother and a sympathetic teacher help her to train as a doctor and she throws herself into this work. She falls passionately in love, and her lover dies of the plague.

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At last she returns to her husband to find in submission, or consent, a lasting peace of mind.

In Videhi Mr. Holden has created a truly lovable, dignified and accomplished woman: it is a long time since so attractive a heroine made her appearance. Her mode of thought of course is alien to ours, but it is refreshing to read a story of love in which decency, scruple and restraint are allowed a place. The book is beautifully written, flowing on calmly and graciously as the life of Videhi herself. The minor characters are excellent, the Indian background wholly convincing.

The Hill of Howth is the entertaining story of a man who lost his memory and recovered it in a crazy Dublin household. In this he is greatly helped by the diagnoses of an actor who is, apparently, resting. Mr. Strong does not always carry me with him but he swept me off my feet with his Father Franklin, the parish priest, addressing the children of the slums.

> "Up in the pulpit a priest was squawking away, an old bald, fat lad with the voice of a jay in a passion. . . . The scores upon scores of little pinched faces looked up at him in wonder. 'Eschew the things of this world,' he adjured them, 'the sinful lusts of the flesh. Abandon the glitter of the snares of evil. Night clubs are a curse,' says he to them, 'flaring haunts of vice. Avoid champagne, brandy and cocktails . . .'"

If any should accuse Mr. Strong of overdrawing, let him go to Dublin and see for himself.

HONOR TRACY

LUCIDITY AT A PRICE

Images of Tomorrow: An Anthology of Recent Poetry. Edited by JOHN HEATH-STUBBS. *S.C.M. Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

New Poems, 1953: A P.E.N. Anthology. Edited by ROBERT CONQUEST, MICHAEL HAMBURGER, HOWARD SERGEANT. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

When Mr. Heath-Stubbs writes, of the sort of poem not admitted to his anthology, that "its merits at best lie in a kind of chaste and shapely lucidity," I protest at once that lucidity and shapeliness are not so easy of attainment nor, being attained, so unimportant. All the same, reading the P.E.N. Anthology, I see what he means. These virtues can be too dearly bought. Mr. Heath-Stubbs recognises in his collection only one "difficult" poet, Mr. W. S. Graham. I would add Mr. John Wain. But certainly it seems that poems are no longer "difficult," as they were twenty years ago. In *New Poems*, all the difficult pieces—Mr. De La Mare's masterly *Ulladare*, Mr. Graves's *Dialogue on the Headland*, Miss Stevie Smith's *In the Park*, and Mr. Bottrall's *Music* (impenetrable, this one)—come from relatively senior writers. To move through the volume up to the present day is to find more and more suave accomplishment in the lucid carving of cherry-stones. I am not disturbed, as some are, by poems about poems, or about paintings, or about pieces of music. Mr. Enright's *Laughing Hyena, by Hokusai*, Mr. Dehn's *Poissons d'Or*, and Mr. Jon Manchip White's *Rout of San Romano* (Tennysonian but witty) justify this method. But certainly in *New Poems* there are too many elegant anecdotes, not only about painting and music and literature and literary history, but about sea-birds and landscapes and children—well written very often, but why were they thought worth writing? Among so many poems that cut their losses, the sublimity of Mr. Terence Tiller's *For Lost Lovers* comes with a double shock—first, as so eloquent, second, as so ambitious.

It is the cherry-stones, apparently, that Mr. Heath-Stubbs has rejected. Yet I miss also from his volume the equally unassuming but more momentous lucidity of, for instance, Miss Elizabeth Jennings. And for all his slighting of the prosaic virtues, he chooses some poems that are positively prosy—not least those that are peppered with lyrical ejaculations. One may object to Mr. J. C. Hall, for example, that he buys his lucidity at the expense of spreading the sense and the poetry thin. Happily, among the shapes and lucidities that have eluded the editor's vigilance, are some poems that have the virtues of good prose, not the vices of bad. Poems that are prosaic, not prosy, come as always from that under-rated poet Mrs. Anne Ridler, from the late Keith Douglas, from Mr. David Wright, and from the editor himself.

Mr. Heath-Stubbs's other preoccupation is with "traditional religious imagery," and there is a good deal of this in his collection. Unfortunately, a symbol like the Rood is so powerful that it can redeem the tritest language and unnerve the strongest. Where Christian symbols are made to stand by themselves, as in many pieces here, the poetry is felt to reside no longer in the language (where, surely, it belongs) but somewhere beneath or behind it. It is this that gives to such poetry an austerity which, as Mr. Donald Hall recently remarked, is not "classical" at all, but medieval. The lucidity aimed at here is the famous "piercing clarity" of middle-English devotional lyrics; what one gets, too often, is a bleak transparency, a glare. Better are such pieces as Mr. Derek Stanford's *Peter*, Miss N. K. Cruickshank's *Pentecost*, or (pre-eminently) Miss Eurasia Anderson's splendid *Masque of Sleep*, where the traditional symbols are combined with images that are common and particular, contemporary flesh upon orthodox bones. In this context of pallid radiance, Mr. Norman Nicholson, for all the pointless ramble of his rhythms, comes through almost alone with a substantial world of grit and colour.

In *New Poems* the only pieces that answer to Mr. Heath-Stubbs's demand for "traditional religious imagery" are Mr. Muir's *Antichrist*, the late Norman Cameron's *Lucifer*, and Mr. Iain Fletcher's beautiful, daring and tactful *Mary the Dancer*. But traditional symbols of other kinds appear in three poems which are lucid yet dense and compact, Mr. Thomas Blackburn's *Paisphae*, Mr. John Holloway's *Apollonian Poem*, and Mr. W. S. Merwin's well-sustained *Proteus*.

DONALD DAVIE

MULTIPLICATION IS VEXATION

Introduction to Malthus. Edited by D. V. GLASS. *Watts.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Malthusian Population Theory. By G. F. MCCLEARY. *Faber.* 15*s.*

"Active social forces work exactly like natural forces: blindly, forcibly, destructively, so long as we do not understand, and reckon with, them. But when once we understand them, when once we grasp their action, their direction, their effects, it depends only upon ourselves to subject them more and more to our own will, and by means of them to reach our own ends." So wrote Friedrich Engels, and the forces he had in mind were economic. His words might equally well be applied to the forces underlying changes in population. Just as the Marxist analysis focussed attention on the economic factors in the development of societies, so Malthus focussed attention on the population factors. For this he must rank high and Alfred Marshall was justified in describing the *Essay on the Principle of Population* as "the first thorough application of the inductive method to social science."

His thoroughness and his empiricism are akin to those of the great natural scientists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. They contrast with the system-building and speculation which have been the weakness of the social sciences. He does not construct elaborate theoretical models, nor does he share the passion of nineteenth-century economists for formulating "Laws." David Glass writes of the Malthusian theory that "a useful short-run analysis of the relation between population and economic progress was elevated into a universal law of very doubtful validity." Unless meant as a criticism of Malthus's followers rather than of his own work, this does less than justice to the open-mindedness of Malthus's approach to the facts, except in some polemical passages which do not represent his general temper. He is less dogmatic not only than Marx but than most other sociologists and economists of his own and even (though by now we should know better) of our own day.

Marx did not approve of Malthus and Malthus would not have approved of Marx. Yet both believed in the crucial importance of the human will and understanding in bringing the "blind" forces at work in society under control. The opposition of Malthus to contraception and the tendency of latter-day Marxists to agree with him and to disagree with latter-day Malthusians, is one of the most striking ironies in the history of ideas. Malthus seems to have felt that contraception was not only shocking in itself but dangerous to society because it removed an incentive to work. Views not dissimilar are held today both in the U.S.S.R., which has room for an increase in population, and also, less plausibly, in densely populated China.

Malthus believed that population could and should be held down not by contraception but by sexual abstinence. Gandhi, who held the same view, admitted that he personally did not find it easy to practice what he preached. Malthus married at the age of 38, had three children and led a happy family life. He was described by the brother of Cardinal Newman as "a man of the most delicate purity." Bishop Otter, his biographer, wrote of him:

> His temper was so mild and placid . . . his desires so moderate, and his command over his passions so complete, that the writer . . . who has known him intimately for nearly fifty years, scarcely ever saw him ruffled, never angry, never above measure elated or depressed.

If we accept these descriptions, it may be that Malthus was temperamentally better suited than most men for the "moral restraint" which he recommended. Yet in an interesting correspondence with Nassau Senior, which Dr. McCleary quotes in full in the second of the books under review, it is quite clear that he thought "the passion between the sexes" and the resulting "desire for marriage" to be more firmly rooted in mankind than what Adam Smith and his followers called "the desire of bettering our condition." The former was natural, the latter only came from intensive cultivation.

Both these books are valuable additions to the literature on this remarkable man and his immensely influential ideas, and both are intended for the general reader. The volume edited by David Glass is an expansion of three talks given in the Third Programme by himself, H. L. Beales and Alan Peacock. To these have been added two short works by Malthus not easily accessible, of which the first is a convenient summary of his "principle." Dr. McCleary's book is a balanced and readable account of the man, his work and its repercussions down to the present day.

CHARLES MADGE

OTHER RANKS

The Chronicle of Private Henry Metcalfe. Edited by LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR FRANCIS TUKER. *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Landsman Hay: Memoirs of Robert Hay, 1789-1847. Edited by M. D. HAY. *Hart-Davis.* 15*s.*

Both the professional military historian building up his picture of a campaign and the general reader seeking distraction from urban *ennui* seize eagerly on diaries such as these: the diaries of men in the ranks, intelligent men, sensitive to suffering, curious to discover what was going on and literate in describing their experiences. The single eye registers with a sharpness which blurs when the vision of many such eyes is combined, however skilfully, into a composite picture; and military and naval history can be the dullest subject in the world. But its sources can seldom be dull.

Private Henry Metcalfe, for instance, writes simply and clumsily about the Indian Mutiny, with no more gift for visual description than any other regular soldier; but he writes about life during the siege of Lucknow, about the hazardous

punitive expeditions thereafter, marching and countermarching in the blazing sun with a stiff engagement at the end of each march, about an outbreak of cholera on a small ship carrying 500 men and women back to England; and such events, as we know from more recent experience, need no more than simplicity and honesty in the telling. A macabre humour adds a very typical salt to his work: an artillery officer was rebuking his recruits for ducking to avoid enemy musket fire, and,

> while he was going on at this rate a fine young Grenadier was shot through the head with a musket ball. This hardened old gunner made the remark—"Ha, that fellow has ducked to musket ball at all events," and he said, if ever I am to be killed in action, I hope it will be from a cannon ball and right in the head, so that my death may be soon and sudden. And indeed his wish was complied with, perhaps sooner than he anticipated, for the next day and at the same hour and the same place, he was accommodated with a round shot right in the head. I need not say his death was soon and sudden.

Even the clichés, the enemy who bites the dust and cannot stand ones straight from the shoulder, somehow enhance the style, placing it frankly in period. The editor seems to have performed his task with devoted skill, and declares, in a Parliamentary sense, his interest. "In August, 1947," he comments, "I gave orders for the last Union Jack to be lowered for ever from the tower of the Residency at Lucknow"; and asks a little bitterly; "Could we of today hold that Residency as these men held it?" Perhaps one day he will edit for us a diary of the siege of Imphal or Tobruk, and answer his own question.

Robert Hay, serving in Nelson's Navy fifty years earlier, clearly had much in common with Metcalfe: intelligence, shrewdness, courageous acceptance of hardship, admiration this side idolatry for good officers, and an even more rumbustious addiction to cliché.

> While we have such men as Collingwood (he rhapsodises) we will bid defiance to foreign intrigues and foreign domination, and if voluptuousness and effeminacy, extravagance, neglect and want of public spirit at home do not paralyse our efforts, then will the meteor flag grace the mizzen peak, wave protection to commerce, flap defiance to aggressors, flutter in the sunshine of prosperity and brave the battle and the breeze a thousand years more.

The conquering Briton of Nelson's day expressed himself in more heroick vein than the laconic troops of Havelock and Lawrence; but beyond this, Hay, child of thrifty Scottish farmers and zealously bent on self-improvement, had an eye for detail and a gift for expression far outpacing Metcalfe; this gives his journal the clarity and colour of an eighteenth-century print. There are passages in this book to which one can return with constant pleasure. Plymouth Harbour, for example, he describes:

> Waterman's skifs, Merchantment's yawls, Warships, Launches, Pinnaces, cutters, gigs, etc., were every moment landing. Porters were trudging about under their ponderous burdens, Women of pleasure flirting about in all directions watching for their prey, Jews stalking about with hypocritical gravity hunting for dupes, and lastly the jolly tar himself was seen with his white demity trowsers fringed at the bottom, his fine scarlet waistcoat bound with black ribbon, his dark blue broadcloth jacket studded with pearl buttons, his black silk neckcloth thrown carelessly about his sunburnt neck.

Illustrations like this punctuate what is basically a superb adventure story: the tale of a small boy who ran away to sea and sailed to the East and West Indies, learning the laborious skills of seacraft in the high days of sail, scurrying up the rigging under Collingwood's awful eye, wandering in curious foreign ports meticulously described, bullied by bad and instructed by good officers, shipwrecked, hiding from the press-gang, and finding his way home after seven years to a family who failed to recognise the wanderer. Such adventures have often been described, but seldom have they been done better. Hay's possessions, to his surprise, were forwarded home after him; but, he wrote,

> what gave me infinitely more satisfaction, the bundle that contained them contained also Watts's Improvement of the Mind, a book which, both on its own account and on account of the respect and esteem I entertain for the donor, I set a very high value.

Perhaps his shipmates found Landsman Hay a little dour; but he has certainly provided posterity with a source of lasting delight.

MICHAEL HOWARD

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Orchestral. MOZART: Symphony, C major, K 551; Serenata notturna, D major, K 239 (Haydn Orch / Newstone. *§M.MWL302). Despite a rather confined acoustic, this seems to me the best available recording of the "Jupiter" Symphony. The orchestra is just the right size, and for once the string-wind balance is perfect. Harry Newstone shows himself an admirable stylist and his deliberate tempi are probably nearer to Mozart's than those usually adopted nowadays. The delicious little Serenata is equally well played, but in my copy the pick-up shows a tendency to jump grooves on this part of the disc. MOZART: Haffner Serenade, K 250 (Vienna Sym Orch/Krauss. §V.PL6850). Disappointing. The performance is well balanced, but not very polished, and there is seldom a true pianissimo. The recording is shrill and there is a nasty pitch drop at the beginning of the third movement. MOZART: Serenades, No. 11, E flat major (K 375), and No. 12, C minor (K 388) (Kell Chamber Players. **§B.AXTL1013). These two works make a striking and beautiful contrast, for, while the first is a light-weight, of "occasional" character, the C minor is, for a Serenade, unusually rich and thoughful; it also sounds much better in this, its original scoring, than in the later version for string quintet (available on *§C.33CX1031). Reginald Kell's mannerisms are not to the fore in this recording, which is all but ideal. HAYDN: Symphony No. 22, E flat major; DITTERSDORF: Violin Concerto, G major (Pougnet/London Baroque Orch/Haas. **P.PMA1004) Haydn's "Philosopher" is every bit as successful in its LP form as it was on SP. Carl Ditters (later ennobled to von Dittersdorf) was a brilliant violinist whose gifts as a composer enabled him to imitate, with success, the style of his friend Haydn. At its best—as in this concerto—his music has a lyrical character of its own. The solo writing is much more effective than that of Haydn's own violin concertos, and Jean Pougnet handles it with assurance and charm. The continuo part is safe in the hands of Lionel Salter and the recording is most happy. BEETHOVEN: Romances, No. 1, G major, No. 2, F major (Fuchs / Little Orch Society / Scherman. §B.AXL2003). These cloying pieces lend support to the view that it was Beethoven who was ultimately responsible for the worst sentimentalities of later nineteenth-century music. That excellent violinist, Josef Fuchs, does his best for them, but the recording is coarse and edgy. The better of the two pieces, No. 2, is available in a good SP version by Gioconda de Vito (*G.DB6727). CHOPIN: Piano Concerto No. 2, F minor (Novaes / Vienna Sym Orch / Klemperer. §V.PL7100). There is always much to admire in Guiomar Novaes' playing of Chopin, and had the first and last movements of this concerto been taken a little less slowly, the issue might be recommended. But, despite the distinction of the pianist's phrasing and her delicate melismata, the

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total effect is heavy, for the orchestral playing does not reach a high standard and it is raucously recorded. The Larghetto alone is very beautiful, though I question the soloist's introduction of an E flat pedal point to the cadenza, since it is not in the score and destroys the meaning of the passage. SCHUBERT: *Rosamunde*—Entr'acte No. 3, B flat major; Ballet Music No. 2, G major (LPO/Cameron. G.C4217); Ditto—Ballet Music No. 1, B minor (Philharmonia/Kletzki. **C.LX1582). The first of these issues is a well recorded, plum-label performance—neat, unpretentious, not particularly graceful or persuasive. The second is easily the best of Kletzki's *Rosamunde* records: the conducting is unforced and allows the G major section to take its own lyrical way. The recording is excellent. ELGAR: *Enigma* Variations; PURCELL: Suite from the dramatic music (arr. Coates) (LSO/Sargent. *§D.LXT2786). At last a really satisfactory *Enigma!* Sir Malcolm thoroughly understands this music and secures enthusiastic playing from all departments of the orchestra. This is a performance in the tradition of Elgar himself and it is beautifully recorded. The Purcell suite makes a suitably English coupling for this "Coronation" issue. I have not double-starred the disc, for in my copy the surfaces are far from silent. Also highly recommended: WALTON: *Façade*—Suites I & II; LAMBERT: *Horoscope*—Ballet Suite (LSO/Irving. **§D.LXT2791); TARTINI: Sinfonia, A major (London Baroque String Orch/Haas. **P.R20621); SUPPÉ: *Light Cavalry*—Overture (Philharmonia/Weldon. *C.DX1873).

Chamber Music and Piano. MOZART: Divertimento No. 12, E flat major (Members of Danish State Radio Sym Orch. *C.DX1872). The healthy simplicity of this little work, scored for wind sextet, makes a purely superficial appeal. It is quite well played, but the recording is on the lumpy side. BEETHOVEN: Sonatas, C sharp minor, Op 27, No. 2 ("Moonlight"), C minor, Op 13 ("Pathétique"), F minor, Op 57 ("Appassionata") (Frugoni. *§V.PL7160); Sonatas, E flat major, Op 27, No. 1; G minor, Op 49, No. 1; C sharp minor, Op 27, No. 2; G major, Op 49, No. 2 (Backhaus. *§D.LXT2780). The first of these discs contains superior examples of playing that is in the best sense academic. If Orazio Frugoni does not show great imaginative insight, he is at least never vulgar or eccentric—and this, in Beethoven, is much to be thankful for. The outlines of the "Appassionata" are commendably clean (this is now the best version) and the "Moonlight" is free from the modern fashion of taking the Scherzo very slowly, and of playing the Finale in a fluttering, impressionist manner—as Horowitz does, in a recent LP which was, besides, abominably recorded. The Backhaus disc is among the best of his later offerings. I prefer Frugoni in the "Moonlight," but the other sonatas (those of Op 49 are rarely heard in public) are played with the authority of long experience and are the kind of music in which Backhaus excels. Both artists receive very faithful recordings. SCHUMANN: *Carnaval* and *Papillons* (Novaes. §P.PL7830.) Mme Novaes's rendering of the *Carnaval* is exceptionally vivid and full of character. Sometimes she seems to me too forceful, and her habit of emphasising subsidiary tunes in the middle parts might be thought tiresome, though I do not find it so. By any standard, this is a fine performance; but in *Papillons* Mme Novaes is much less happy—not lighthearted enough and too much inclined to vary the rhythm widely within the brief sections. The Kempff is here the recommended version (**§D.LXT2670), where it is coupled with Liszt's Petrarch Sonnets. SCHUBERT: *Moments musicaux*, **No. 2, A flat; No. 3, F minor (Fischer. G.DB21568). The first of these is a magically beautiful performance—slower, softer, more lyrical and more mysterious than Grete Scherzer's highly recommended disc (**P.E11501). In the F minor piece, however, Edwin Fischer is heavy and humourless. MENDELSSOHN: Spring Song; **SINDING: *Rustle of Spring* (Gieseking. C.LB139). Another unequal coupling. Sinding's pretty trifle could not be more tastefully played, but the Mendelssohn is over-expressed and heavily pedalled. In a deleted recording Horowitz gave an imitable model—in strict time, with the spread chords sounding like string pizzicati. Also recommended: DEBUSSY: *La plus que lente* and *Danse* (Gieseking. *C.SCB105).

Vocal. BEETHOVEN: Mass in C major (Soloists/Vienna Academy Choir and Sym Orch/Moralt. **§V.PL6300). Composed in 1807, when Beethoven was working on the Fifth Symphony and had *Fidelio* only two years behind him, the C major Mass is a masterpiece of originality, which would be far better known than it is, if the Missa solemnis had not come to overshadow it. Of all the records reviewed in the present Notes, this is the one I would least care to part with. The performance is beautifully studied, the soloists are very good (the soprano begins unsteadily, but soon improves), the choir never drowns the orchestra, and the tone of the whole ensemble is most agreeably solid. BEETHOVEN: *The Ruins of Athens* (Woudt/Hollestelle/Netherlands Philharmonic Choir and Orch/Goehr. *§N.CLP1158). Beethoven's incidental music to Kotzebue's play is represented here by an ardent, but square-toed overture and eight numbers, of which many are vocal. The level of musical interest is very much higher than in *Prometheus* and, aided by an excellent performance, the disc is recommended as more than a mere curiosity. There is some loss of quality at the end of side 2; otherwise the recording is uniformly good. A great deal of Haydn's religious music has been issued lately by Nixa and Vox. Among the Masses, the *Nelson* and *Harmonie*, though perhaps well given, are too ill recorded to be worth while, even for the sake of the music; but the *Stabat Mater* (**§V.PL7410—2 discs), the *Theresien Messe* (*§V.PL6740) and the *Cellner Messe* (*§N.HLP2011) are very decently performed and recorded; while the music, though it shows little, if any, specifically religious inspiration, is always melodious and inventive. PEROTINUS: *Viderunt omnes*, etc. (Dessoff Choirs/New York Brass Ensemble/Boepple. *§N.CLP 1112). This record, of some very early polyphonic music (known generically as "organum"), is of quite extraordinary interest. Apart from the psalm, "Viderunt omnes," there are five shorter pieces, not all by Perotinus. The rhythm tends to be six-eight, the harmony, inflexibly angular, sounds as if it might have been composed by Stravinsky in the late Twenties. The pieces are extremely well sung, the rude brass instruments contribute to the odd charm of the music, and the recording is very clear, though somewhat confined. SCHUBERT: *Nachtviolen; An die geliebte;* BRAHMS: *Ruhe, süssliebchen* (Schumann. *G.DB21572). These songs were recorded by Elisabeth Schumann just before the war, when she was in excellent voice, and are issued as the first of what we hope may be a series of posthumous records. This is Lieder singing of a very high order and the recording, apart from some pinched high notes, is faithful. The Brahms song (from the *Magelone* cycle) is particularly welcome, for it is a most moving song, otherwise unavailable in this country.

The attention of those interested in contemporary poetry is called to a disc on which W. R. Rodgers has recorded his own *Europa and the Bull, Lent, The Swan,* and *Spring Dance* (Ar.ARS1012). The first of these is a long narrative poem of dazzling virtuosity, admirably suited to speaking. The poet, with his Northern Irish voice, gives a performance that grows on one with each hearing.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,216

Set by Thomas Tusher

The usual prizes are offered for up to 16 lines of prayerful verse entreating England's success at Trent Bridge, Lord's, Old Trafford, Headingley, and the Oval. Entries by June 23.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,213

Set by R. K. Buchanan

Readers are invited to contribute their Thoughts after the Chelsea Flower Show in the manner of one of the following: Mrs. Miniver, Sir Thomas Browne, T. E. ("God wot") Brown, Marvell, Milton, V. Sackville-West (verse or prose), Beverley Nichols.

Report by R. K. Buchanan

Effective parody, competitors need reminding, concerns a way of thought as well as a form of words. More than octosyllabic couplets and a green shade are needed to make a plausible Marvell, more than irregular blank verse and antick spellings for a Milton. In the one Miniver entry, there was not a hint of the lady's attitude of blended sensitiveness and snobbery. In contrast Sheila Knowles (though she could not keep it up all the way) caught not only the balance of Browne's phrases but his curious turn of mind; so did Edward Blishen, with his masterly opening:

> To colour the dun earth, or to introduce into the habitations of men some of the refulgence of nature, might be thought the purpose of the floral part of our universe . . .

Honourable mention to J. R. Till for showing something of Marvell's wit as well as his rhythm, and to Allan M. Laing for his

> Not Brown! in flower shows! though the crowd turn cool?

First prizes of two guineas each to Myra Verney and J. P. Stevenson; second prizes of a guinea each to Frank Dunnill and D. L. L. Clarke.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

Whether 'twas in the Gardens of *Wisley*[1] or the Lamasseries of *Thibet* that poppy hath put off its name and acheeved *Meconopsis* doth matter little: for circumlocution is the delight of the Learned, and in obscuritie findeth he his *Eudaemonia*[2]. Yet what we have lost we may be said allso to retaine: *Ilium* supersedeth not *Troy*, and *Hellas* hath not caste

out *Greece*; the Daies-eye is the darling of our hearts, and who shall rob us of the Rose?

It hath been said, *Opinion is all*[3]: but though Helens eyes be hidde from us, who can allow that *Jason* his treasure was not Golde, or doubt the Ensanguination of the *Colchine* dragon?[4] So in this blew poppy doe we behold the red, making a Vivisection with our eyes.

[1] Royall Horticulturall Societies.

[2] Happinesse.

[3] *M. Aurelius Antoninus*, II, 15.

[4] Some say the dragon of *Colchis* had sappe in his veines. MYRA VERNEY.

MARVELL

Nature, as if prepared for war,
The tented acres of her camp
Made patent (but such Ordnance store
Turns barbicans to *Venus*' bowers).
There on our various native flowers
The gods themselves had set their stamp,
And some, than these
More rare, congealed from the Antipodes.

Great Piper at *Aurora's* gate,
Who know'st the strife of herbs and trees
Less cruel to be than human hate,
Westward (where th' atomic shell
Augurs eschatologic hell)
Speed, kindly god, across the seas
And be their guide
Who meet where the remote Bermudas ride.

J. P. STEVENSON

What rascals these, with fingers green
To plant, primp, nurture, tend and preen,
But then betray and wildly strew
Their fav'rites in this floral zoo,
Where lawful marriage with the earth
Is abrogated, nothing worth,
And social ordinance decrees
There shall be blossoms—but no bees.
I would not play the pimp to flowers
Constrained in artificial bowers,
But rather far discreetly pass
Where bluebells deck th' enamoured grass
And thrushes in some ancient tree
Rehearse (perchance) their song for me,
Or where th' unprompted hawthorn shoots,
And men, as well as plants, have roots.

FRANK DUNNILL

T. E. BROWN

God wot! A garden is a lovesome thing.
But bring
Each scent
Of spring
Within a tent
Of cloth, all sweetness spent
In one abandon'd fling—
A tent! One fling! 'Tis rank imprisonment.
Nay, but be sure of this;
The Devil stalks in tents, I wis.

D. L. L. CLARKE

CHESS: Don't Shoot the Study Composer

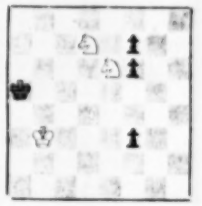
No. 193

It would be churlish to add that he is doing his best. We know that. We also know that he gives us great pleasure even when he makes a slip; and these are certainly rare enough. Yet, it happened again on April 25, when a fault was discovered in a Kovalenko study, the author's solution (1) P-Kt7, P-R6; (2) B-Kt1 being spoiled by P-R7 (in lieu of P x Kt). Kovalenko has been duly informed that he has joined

the excellent company of Korolkov, Wotava, Heuäcker and one or two other victims of our ever-increasing pack of cook-hunters. Surely, a study composer's lot is far from easy. Why, even on those happy and none-too-frequent occasions of a prize-award, a sternly critical Jury may well see fit to sprinkle the bouquet with a few drops of vinegar. Take this study by A. Kraemer and look at the solution first: (1) B-Q7 ch, K-Kt5; (2) P-B7! Q-B4 ch; (3) K-Kt7, Q-Q4 ch; (4) K-B8!, Q x P; (5) B-Q2 ch, and the B will maintain perpetual check because the Black K is barred from the saving diagonal by the threat of B-K6. Very neat, isn't it? Yet, in awarding the piece fifth prize "for being commendably well constructed," the Jury added the sour rider that the theme is rather too obviously and not quite as subtly dealt with as in a famous study composed by Shinkman and Würzburg some forty years earlier (1909). Now this, of course, is a classic, and I think I used it in this column two or three years ago. But it is well worth a second glance, and it may be new to many readers. The key is K-K7, whereupon Black's only resource is to check with his KB, driving the White K down to his QR3 where he devours the P and then lets himself be driven back to KB8. Having thus the original position minus the Black QRP White plays Q-QR8, and after B x R ch the White K steps out to K7, with mate next move. One may well argue that the theme here is the clearing of the QR file rather than a barred diagonal. But perhaps that Jury was so stern about its fifth prize because the same author was awarded the first for a more remarkable entry; and thereby hangs a tale, or rather a useful end-game lesson to be dealt with next week.

A: Reti 1924

B: G. Bernhardt 1950



C: F. Bethge 1950

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White forced his opponent's resignation in a couple of moves. **B**—White to draw—and **C**—White to win—should be well worth 7 ladder-points each.

Usual prizes. Entries by June 22.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set May 23

A: *Key:* Kt-K5 ch.

B: Of the alternatives, Black K on c1 and mate by O-O or Black K on h8 and mate by R x R, the former is ruled out because the Black K cannot have left his 1st rank. The White R on d8 must have been created by 6 captures of the KRP; the Black QBP must have been captured on its home-square, since on d6 it would involve the previous capture of a White piece. But there was no such piece available since two of them must have been captured by the Black QRP en route to its promotion to a Black piece, subsequently captured by the White KRP.

C: (1) R-K5 ch, K x R. (2) B-B4 ch, K-Q4. (3) B-R2 ch, B-Kt6. (4) Q-Q3 ch, B-Q5 mate.

D: (1) Q-KKt6, K-Kt1. (2) R-B7, K any. (3) Kt-Kt3, K-Kt1. (4) Kt-K2, K any. (5) Kt-B4, K-Kt1. (6) R-R1, K-B1. (7) Kt-K3, K-Kt1. (8) B-B4 ch, K-B1. (9) Q-B5 ch, K-K1. (10) Kt-Kt6, K-Q1. (11) R-QR7, K-K1. (12) Q-B7 ch, K-Q1. (13) B-R4 ch, K-B1. (14) Kt-B5, K-Kt1. (15) R-QB1, K-B1. (16) B-R6 ch, K-Kt1. (17) Q-K8 ch, K x R. (18) Q-Q8, K x B. (19) Q-QKt8, K-R4. (20) Q-Kt7, K-R5. (21) Q-Kt6, K-R6. (22) Q-R5 ch, K-Kt6. (23) B-B6, P x B. (24) Kt-K5, P x Kt. (25) Kt-Q4 ch, P x Kt. (26) Q-QKt5 ch, K-R6. (27) R-B3 ch, P x R. (28) Q-B4, P-B7. (29) Q-Kt3 ch, K x Q.

E: (1) B x P, P x B. (2) P x P, P-Q4. (3) P-Q4 ch, K-Q3, (4) P-K5 ch, K-B3. (5) P-Kt4.

F: (1) Kt-B4, B-B8. (2) Kt-K6 ch, K-Kt1. (3) R-KKt4, B-R6. (4) R-Kt3, etc.

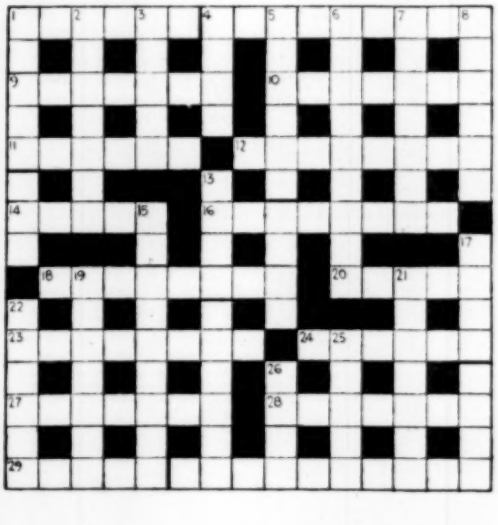
(4) R x B ch could be countered by K-B2.

There were numerous successful alternatives for **D**, but many were stumped by **B** which, not surprisingly, provided a triumph for our lawyers. I wish I had space for the delightfully crazy game concocted by Leslie Hale to reach that crazy and yet perfectly legal position. He shares the prizes with Gerald Abrahams (another Legal *and* Chess Mind!) and D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman, P. B. Sarson. Equally flawless solutions from E. Allan, C. Allen, E. A. Barclay-Smith, M. Kaye, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg. *Non-Londoners' 8th majority move P-QB3 Londoners' 8th due by June 17.*

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 52

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 52, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 23rd June.



ACROSS

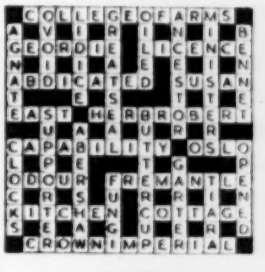
1. The attraction of one form of life? (6, 9).
9. Father to the noble Etruscan trees (7).
10. A boy about to plot territory (7).
11. Got a living with organ and donkey (6).
12. Tempus does this in the interval (8).
14. I strike a blow for religion (5).
16. Unbridled and rude nine (8)
18. "Rumble thy ——! Spit fire! Spout rain!" (8).
20. Birth place (5).
23. Tale of the toe dance (8).
24. Prevent one putting it straight in (6).
27. Flower of dawn (7).
28. Rent trouble produces a storm (7).
29. Unconsidered opinion of a new book? (5, 10).

DOWN

1. Kind of order for something on the menu (5, 3).
2. To endanger a beard with a cut out (7).
3. Arouse a following (5).
4. Short state service (4).
5. Precept of a great sovereign? (6, 4).
6. Growth of the Saxon pine (9)
7. "To —— an Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy" (7).
8. Prehistoric refuse-heap (6).
13. Current flow, but not of Persian oil (4, 6)
15. The mad tailor is confused and awkward (9).
17. Waste a month; this is a long time (4, 4)
19. Henry Tilney's sister (7).
21. Request for time before pain breaks the instrument (7).
22. Mountains produce a general hypothesis (6).
25. Limited periods for payment (5).
26. The eminent person conveys thanks in one line (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 50



FIRST-WINNERS TO No. 50

Miss C. D. Plant (Purley), A. M. Cain & T. C. C. Milne (Aberdeen), F. H. Thorpe (Southsea).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

NORTHERN Ireland. Londonderry High School requires for September: (1) A Graduate Mistress with training or other qualifications to teach Mathematics, Geography and other subjects, in Preparatory Department and Junior classes of the Grammar School. (2) A temporary Art Mistress for the school year 1953-54. Art Teacher's Certificate essential. For candidates from Great Britain, a bonus towards travelling expenses may be available. Apply to the Head Mistress as soon as possible.

NORTHERN Ireland. Londonderry High School requires for September: 1. A Mistress with special qualifications in Geography. 2. A Graduate Mistress for Junior Form subjects, especially elementary Mathematics. 3. A qualified Mistress for Gymnastics and Games. Salary according to Ministry's Scale. A bonus towards travelling expenses will be granted to a suitable candidate from Great Britain. Apply to Head Mistress.

LEICESTERSHIRE Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Drama Adviser. Academic qualifications and teaching experience, if any, should be stated as well as practical experience. The person appointed will be employed primarily in further education and will form part of a team of advisory officers already appointed for art, music and crafts. Salary £700 by £25 to £850 per annum. Post pensionable. Consideration is given to registered disabled persons. Applications (no forms), with the names of three referees and two recent testimonials, within fourteen days, to Stewart C. Mason, Director of Education, County Offices, Grey Friars, Leicester.

NATIONAL Institute for the Blind Qualified teachers with Nursery/Infant School experience required September, Sunshine House residential Nursery Schools for blind children: (1) Leamington Spa (retarded children 2½ to 5 years); (2) Kingswinford, Staffs (children 4½ to 7 years). Salary Burnham Scale (Special Schools) with additional increment; appointments non-residential. Particulars and application form from Secretary-General, National Institute for the Blind, 224-6-8, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

WOMAN Teacher required at special Residential School for Maladjusted Children, some experience with maladjustment or E.S.N. desirable. Burnham Scale plus emoluments in return for extra curricula duties. Apply W. David Wills, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

RUDOLF Steiner School. Class teacher required for Autumn 1953 for school in this country. Box 9764.

ALMONER required. Post now vacant. Whitley Council salary and conditions of service. Applications, stating age, experience and naming two referees, to the Administrative Officer, Brighton General Hospital, Elm Grove, Brighton.

SOCIAL Caseworker (woman) wanted as Assistant Secretary. Social Science Certificate or equivalent. Experience in training students. Interested in old people's welfare and general administration. Salary approximately £550 according to experience. Applications in writing with full details and two testimonials to: General Secretary, Liverpool Personal Service Society (Inc.), 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool, 1.

LONDON County Council requires Assistant Home Help Organiser on temporary basis for duty in first instance in Battersea-Wandsworth area. Energy and ability to manage staff required, experience in running a domestic help or similar social service desirable. £420 × £40 - £540 commencing according to quals. and expce. Application form and details from Divisional Medical Officer, Division 9, Fairfield Street, S.W.18, returnable by June 27 (592).

COUNTY Council of Essex. Married couple required as House Father and House Mother to take charge of Home for 22 boys and girls at Braintree. Training or previous experience of residential work with children essential. National scales—viz., £390 × £15 - £435 for House Father and £145 × £15 - £390 for House Mother less £100 for emoluments in each case. Apply within one week from appearance of this advert. to Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

A CAREER is open to well-educated young women (aged 22 to 30) of good personality who have had book-keeping and staff control experience. Applicants, who will be trained as Office Section Leaders or Chief Clerks, must be prepared to take up appointments in C. & A. Modes, Limited's Retail Shops in London or chief provincial cities. Four weeks' paid holiday annually. Write with full particulars to Head Office, Fifth Floor, North Row, Marble Arch, London, W.1.

BIRMINGHAM Settlement, Kingstanding, requires man Youth Leader in September to be responsible for School Boys Clubs and take co-responsibility for Mixed Youth Club. Salary according to age and experience. Apply giving two testimonials and two references to the Warden, Birmingham Settlement, 610, Kingstanding Road, Birmingham, 22c.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MALADJUSTED children; small school in Midlands country requires Warden Couple for all outside school activities, games, handicraft, music, art. Wife to act as Matron. Progressive people with good cultural background. Box 9729.

ASSISTANT Matron wanted for September for co-educational boarding school. Apply by letter to The Principal, Monkton Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset.

LONDON, N.W. Wanted in Sept. by ind. recog. prog. co-ed. day school, Nursery School helper. Suit girl waiting to go to Training College; salary about £3 wkly. King Alfred School, North End Rd., N.W.11.

JEWISH Domestic Science Instructress wanted for Agricultural Training Centre. Apply Mrs. B. Williams, c/o F.W.Z., 107 Gloucester Place, W.1.

YOUNG man rqd. as assistant on small farm run in connection with industrial community enterprise—no accom. Apply in writing Personnel Officer, Scott Bader & Co., Ltd., Wollaston, Wellingborough, Northants.

MANAGERESS wanted for Sun-bathing Country Club in Surrey. Box 9720.

AUTHOR'S Assistant reqd. Yng. woman, gd. typist. To aid in preparation of travel articles. Recs. literary talent. Free to travel. Mostly on Continent. Box 9857.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for permanent posts in London; also for occasional work on our Emergency Staff (£6 10s., 10-5, no Sats.). Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

SHORTHAND-Typist required by journalist. 5-day week. Holiday this summer. Please give concise details of age, experience and salary required. F. V. Wells, United Trade Press, Ltd., 9, Gough Square, E.C.4.

TEMPORARY/part time Sh/typs. Interesting work, by hr./day/week. WHI. 5392.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

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PAYING Guests welc. Modernised farmhse. Free July & fr. Sept. 12. Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Shrops.

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REALLY good food, country holiday 3½*gns.* Mod. cons. Farm produce. Sebastien, Broomclose Cottage, Longbridge Deverill, Warminster, Wilts.

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PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

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BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan. Ware 52.

PERSONAL—continued

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MISCELLANEOUS—continued

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Evs. 7.30, Sats. 6 & 8.30. Theatre Workshop. "Anna Christie," Eugene O'Neill.

TOWER Theatre, Cononbury Place, N.1 (near Islington Town Hall). Tavistock Rep. in Bridie's charming "Tobias and the Angel." Wed. to Sat., June 17, 18, 19 and 20 at 7.30. This is the last production of the summer season. Seats 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s. bookable CAN. 5111 after 7.

ARTS. Tem 3334. Evs. (ex. Mon.) 7. St Sun. 5 & 8. Cliff Wang. Mems. 5s. yr.

UNITY (Eus. 5391). Sean O'Casey's Comedies, "Three in a Row." Weds.-Suns 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.

IRVING. Whi. 8687. Nightly 10.30 (Sun 9.30). Coronation Cabaret. Mems. 5s. yr.

MERCURY. Modern Dance, Edgar Wenzel. June 12-16 at 8, matinee Sat. at 3.

DAS Kommödchen (The Artists' Theatre of Düsseldorf), in "More Whisky—Less Vodka," a new literary revue in German, under the patronage of Peter Ustinov. June 22-July 5 (Suns. incl.), 7.30 p.m. Mats. Wed., Sat., Sun., 2.30 p.m., at the Park Lane Theatre, 45 Park Lane, W.1.— Leaflets from Library of the German Language, 4b Belsize Grove, N.W.3 (Primrose 6083). Tickets 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., from the Library and the Box Office, Grosvenor 7711.

PEACE Benefit Performance by Theatre Workshop of "Lysistrata" adapted by Ewan MacColl. Presented by National Assembly of Women and British Peace Committee, at Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.15. Sunday, June 14 at 7.30. Tkts. 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. and 5s., from N.A.W., 58 Berners St., W.1, or B.P.C., 81 City Rd., E.C.1. CLE. 0383.

I.C.A. in conjunction with Group Theatre: Play Reading, Sun., June 14, 8.15, French Institute, Queensberry Place, S.W.1. "A Parliament of Women," by Herbert Read. prod. by Robert Speaight. Cast includes Vivienne Bennett, David King-Wood, Yvonne Coulette & Robert Speaight. Seats to be booked in advance I.C.A. Gallery, mems. 3s., guests 4s. 6d.

EVERYMAN. Ham 1525. Until June 14: "Monsieur Vincent" (A). From June 15: Menotti's magnificent "The Medium" (X).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., June 14, 7.30. "Maclovia" (U) (Mexican).

FILM Show: Come and see the Czech film comedy "Village Revolt," together with Sports film at the Hungarian Club, 34, Pembridge Sq., W.2. Sunday, June 14, at 8 p.m. For members and friends.

SOVIET Colour Documentary, "Latvia," introduced by Stanley Evans, Thursday, June 18, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Admission 2s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 2s.).

DANCE, org. by Central London Fabian Soc., Sat., June 13, 7.30-11. Artworkers' Guildhall, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. 4s.

RIVER Dance on board Thames steamer, June 20, 7-11 p.m. Start and return Westminster Pier. Tickets 12s. 6d. (double, 23s. 6d.). Erna Low Travel Service, 47 (N.S.) Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Sunday, June 14, at 3 p.m. London Baroque Ensemble. Karl Haas, Marta Eitler (Violin). Light Music of the Viennese Classics, Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Beethoven. WATerloo 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Recital Room, Sun., June 14 at 7.45. Martin String Quartet with Dennis Brain and Gwynne Edwards. Quartet and Quintets by Mozart. WAT. 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Recital Room, Thurs., June 18, 8.15. Basil Lam Sonata Ensemble with Alfred Deller. Concert English Chamber Music incl. Purcell's Sonatas & Songs, works by Handel. WAT. 3191.

ELISABETH Schwarzkopf, accompanied by Ernest Lush: Mayflower Barn, Jordans, Sat., June 20, at 8. Tickets 7s. 6d. from H. Nicholson, Sunnybrae, Jordans, Bucks. Trains Marylebone.

ST. Pancras Town Hall, N.W.1. Tues., June 23, at 8 p.m. The Institute of Contemporary Arts presents a Programme of Works by Christian Darnton. Soloists: Geraldine Peppin, Ruth Packer, Parry Jones, Ian Glennie, Boyd Neel Orchestra, Catford Co-operative Society Choir. Cond.: Edric Cundell. Tickets: 5s., 3s. 6d. Unres., 2s. 6d., from I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1, and Chappell's.

FIRST Performance Rubbra's "Song of the Soul" and works by Bach, Britten, Geoffrey Wright, Rawsthorne. Riddick Orch., Percy Corben (organ), Cond.: Paul Steinitz, Wed., June 17, at 6.30 (doors open 6). S. Bartholomew-the-Great, E.C.1. Adm. Prog. 2s., from Ibbs and Tillett, Ltd.

"A DAY in a Rumanian Village." Gramophone Recital by A. L. Lloyd, the well-known folklorist. Thurs., June 18, at 40 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. (opp. British Museum) at 7.30. Adm. free. Refreshments. British Rumanian Friendship Association.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Friday, June 12, 8 p.m. Neglected English Composers III. Dorothy Gow: String Quartet. Stanley Bate: Symphonic Variations. Introduced by the composers. Mems. 1s. and Guests 2s. 6d.

CONCERTS—continued

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sunday, June 21, at 3 p.m. Grillier Quartet, 25th Anniversary Concert. Works by Haydn, Bloch, Mozart. WATerloo 3191.

"DAS Orgelbuchlein" and other Bach organ works. Eight recitals by William J. Tubbs at Holy Trinity Church, St Marylebone. Mondays 7.30 p.m. June 15-July 27.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

THE Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Original Drawings by Robert and James Adam. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

ROYAL Tombs at Westminster Abbey. An Exhibition of Photographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till July 4. Mons.-Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Leon Underwood: Sculpture and Paintings. Retrospective Exhibn. and New Work. 10 a.m.-5.30 p.m. Thurs. 10 a.m.-8 p.m.

SLATTER Gallery. Important Dutch Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Picasso 1900-1935. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

"THE Christian Theme in Contemporary Arts." 45 Park Lane, W.1. May 12-June 18. Weekdays 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Suns. 2 p.m.-10 p.m.

THOMAS Churchyard (1798-1865). Paintings at Green and Abbott, 35 St. George Street, W.1. May 18-June 19.

LE Cinque Terre and The Cinque Ports, by Piero Sansalvadore. In aid of Save the Children Fund. Parsons Gallery, 70 Grosvenor Street, W.1. Until June 20. Daily 10-5, Sat. 10-1. Entrance free.

GAINSBOROUGH: Open till August 4. Graham Sutherland: Open till August 9. Arts Council Exhibns., Tate Gallery. Mon., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Wed., Thurs., 10-9, Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s. to each exhibition.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Coronation Exhibition of Contemporary British Paintings. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover Street, W.1. I.C.A. Coronation Exhibition: Drawings of Henry Moore & his recent "Seated Figure." Daily 11-6, Sun. 2-6.

BRITISH Life. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Open till July 11. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Birds and Beasts—Paintings and Drawings of Five Centuries. 142 New Bond St., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

INDIA House, Aldwych—an exhibition of Commerce & Industry and Tourism. May 28 to June 27. Monday to Saturday, 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Admission free.

THE Royal Pavilion, Brighton, will be closed to the public until July 26, owing to the U.N. Civil Aviation Conference being held there.

POSTERS from Poland. Exhibition at Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Pl., W.1. Open daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1, until June 27. Adm. free.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Coronation Exhibition (Chagall, Degas, Manet, Modigliani, Monet, Rouault, Sickert, etc.). Daily (except Sat.) 11-6, Wednesdays 7-10 p.m., Sundays 2-6. Until July 12. Adm. 1s. 6d. (students 9d.).

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Gustave Courbet (1819-1877). First representative Exhibition in England—In aid of Les Amis de Courbet. Adm. 2s., Students 1s. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq., 4 Exhibitions: Epstein, Simon Bussy, Derek Hill, Mary Potter. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITION at Heal's by British Artists and Craftsmen. Hand-made furniture—Hand-thrown Pottery. Coronation Lithographs. Heal & Son, 196 Tott. Ct. Rd., W.1.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St. Art of Still-Life (1600-1950). Abr. Brueghel, Melendez, Roestraten, Braque, Morandi.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Recent Paintings by William Scott. Also Pictures and Designs by Robin and Christopher Ironside, and Paintings by Betty Shaw-Lawrence. Until July 3.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Vlaminck, Derain & Souverbie.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Coronation Exhibition: Contemporary Eskimo Carvings. From June 16, Graphic Work of J. Braque.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Exhib. of Porcelain & Stoneware by Lucie Rie & Hans Coper. Div. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens: Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ROYAL Society of British Artists, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Summer Exhibition. 10-5. Admission 1s.

"LONDON on Wheels." British Transport Exhibition of 19th Century Travel in London. Euston Station. Week-days 10-7, Sundays 2-7. Admission 1s., children 6d.

HOUSE & Garden Decoration Centre exhibition—redesigned for summer living with House & Garden Colours. 16 Grafton Street, W.1. Admission free. Mon.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 10-12.30.

IRVING Gall., Irving St., Leics. Sq. Spring Exhibn. Water Colours. Ends June 20.

FURNISHING to a Figure. Furn. rooms designed to help those with limited budgets. Heal & Son, 195 Tott. Ct. Rd., W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., June 17, 7.30 p.m., St. Anne's House, 5/7 Dean St., W.1. "The Place of Research in Politics," spkr. David Ginsberg (Secretary of the Labour Party Research Department). Admission 2s.

PROGRESSIVE Businessmen's Forum. "McCarthyism"—with astounding recordings of actual trials of UnAmerican Activities Committee. Discussion—Legal comment by Mr. D. N. Pritt, Q.C. Thursday, June 18, 7.45. Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Pl., W.C.1. Reservations in adv. Wel. 0130.

PROFESSOR D. T. Suzuki, final visit to England, will speak on "Zen Buddhism," Friday, June 19, 8.15. All welc. No collection. London Br., Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. June 18, at 8.15: "The Poems of Wilfred Owen." Talk by Edmund Blunden. Illustrated by readings. Reader: Hallam Fordham. Mems. 2s. Guests 3s.

THE Linguists' Club, 2d Grosvenor Place, S.W.1 June 20 at 6 p.m. Dr. H. Bergn. "Thomas Mann's 'Zauberberg.'"

JUNIOR Discn. Group, South Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Fri., June 12, 7.15. G. E. V. Thompson, B.Sc., "Interplanetary Flight."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. June 14, H. L. Beales, M.A., "Monarchy in the 20th Century." Questions after lecture. Adm. free.

UNIVERSALIST Service, Sunday, June 14, 3.15 p.m. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bdge. Rd., Nr. Victoria Stn. Discourse by Mr. Maung Maung Ji, M.A. "Brother-Land of Nations." P.P.U. Religion Commission.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10: (i) Meditation & Discourse at the Centre every Sun., 5 p.m. (ii) Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., 7.30, June 18. "Psychology & Epistemology." All welcome. "Vedanta for East and West," bi-month's, 15s. annually.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. June 14: "What is Moral Freedom?" All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace, Craven Rd.

BACK from Bulgaria! First British Delegation since Liberation reports. Public meeting, Thurs., June 18, 7.30, Holborn Hall. Bulgarian Dances, Songs. Adm. 6d. Society for Friendship with Bulgaria.

STALIN'S "Economic Problems of Socialism": Dr. R. L. Meek, Wed., June 17, 7.30, S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 1s.).

R. S. W. Pollard: "How to Reform the Law." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Pl., W.2, Sun., June 14, at 11 a.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ONE-Day Conference & Exhibition, Slade School, Gower Street, W.C.1. Saturday, June 20, 1953, 10.30-4.30. Chairman: Professor William Coldstream. Speakers: Clarence Whaite and Alexander Sutherland: Professional Art Training To-day; Basil Taylor: The Potentialities of the Art School. Admission by ticket (price 5s., Students 2s.), obtainable from the Society for Education in Art, 37 Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

AT Pendley: June 26-28: Practical Drama Course for Amateur Producers conducted by Mr. A. Jefferson and Mr. D. Williams. July 4-5: Psychology of Personality and Temperament. Course conducted by Dr. Ryder-Smith. July 18-19: Appreciation of Modern Art—Course conducted by Mr. Adrian Heath. Full parties from Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts. (Tel. 2302.)

PAINTING & Modelling, Photography, Music, Creative Writing—Week-ends at Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon.

COLEG Harlech Third Annual Drama Week (July 25-Aug. 1). Mr. Clifford Williams, Course Director, with a professional Resident Company (The Travelling Harlequin Players, in conjunction with the Mime Theatre Company of London). Students specialise in Acting, Production, Stage Management or Lighting. Five-guinea inclusive fee for tuition, board and accomm. Secretary, Coleg Harlech, Harlech, Merioneth. (Phone Harlech 363.)

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands, and in Management. Courses in English for Foreign Students. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships avail. Resident and day students. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Hmp. 5986.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All Languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Evng. Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Lectures on French Literature in French, every Wed., 8.15. Accommodation arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8581-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.; London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

MARLBOROUGH Secretarial College, 110A High Street, Oxford. Tel. Oxford 4349. Director: H. R. Light, B.Sc., F.C.I.S. Comprehensive training for high grade secretarial appointments for students of good general education. Day and Evening classes. Special courses for Graduates. Prospectus on application to Head Mistress.

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YOUR Speech Improved. Moderate terms. Discuss without obligation all problems of accent, language, and delivery with Elizabeth Muller, L.G.S.M., L.R.A.M. Telephone evgs. between 7 and 8 p.m. FUL. 5648.

KYNASTON School of Pianoforte, 21 Denmark Ave., S.W.19 (WIM. 0168) and West End studio. Long est. reputation for musical training. Leschetizky technique. Pupils taken all stages. Prosp. & School Magazine "The Keyboard" from Sec. 'Phone or Write.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

WEST Riding County Council. Grantley Hall Adult Residential College—Anglo-Danish Summer School "Culture and Industrialism," July 13-20. "Instrumental Music and Painting" (2 separate groups) August 7-16. All enquiries to The Warden, Grantley Hall, Nr. Ripon, Yorks.

SUMMER Film School of the British Film Institute, August 16-29. The successful residential course of last year held in Scotland is to be repeated at Glasgow and Edinburgh. A week of intensive study of the Art and History of the film in Glasgow, with morning and afternoon lectures and discussions, and evening film programmes, will be followed by a week coinciding with the opening of the Edinburgh Festival, in that city, with free periods for Festival activities. Enrolments are now well under way. Particulars from the Course Organiser, British Film Institute, 4, Great Russell Street, W.C.1. MUSeum 0581.

FABIAN Summer Schools 1953: August 15/22, Hope, Derbyshire; August 22/29, Wilton Park, Steyning, Sussex; August 29/Sept. 5, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. Apply: Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

A POTTERY Course will be run in Bath July 27-August 7. Fee £10 10s. Non-resident. Full details from: John Shelly, The Bath Pottery, Barton Buildings, Bath.

HOLIDAY School of Music at Castleton, Derbyshire (Aug. 29-Sept. 5). Vocal & Instrumental. Sept. 5-12, Brass Bandsmen: S.a.e. for information to the W.M.A., 17 Bishop's Bridge Road, London, W.2.

DRAMA Schools. Three Arts Centre, London, W.1. Day School July 27-Aug. 7, 5 gns. Evening School Aug. 10-21, 4½gns. Dir.: Marian Naylor. All branches Dramatic Art for teachers, actors, producers. Details: Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

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HOLIDAY and Summer Schools, July-Aug. Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

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